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Events of the Week.

MUCH the most important political news of the week is that which points to a coming reunion of International Socialism. In a remarkably direct and hopeful speech, Mr. Henderson has renewed his propaganda for an International Socialist Conference, and has stated that the replies of the enemy Socialist parties disclose substantial agreement over all the essential principles of a settlement laid down in the Labor Memorandum. The Austrian reply (for which see the "Manchester Guardian" of Tuesday, and this week's "Herald," which give all the "enemy" documents) is a powerful and statesmanlike essay. It opens with complete acceptance of the League of Nations, with compulsory arbitration and disarmament, and rejects any form of economic war, annexations, or indemnities. Such a peace, it argues, much in Mr. Wilson's neutral vein, cannot be realized by a victory for either group of Imperialist Powers. Each would "liberate" the others' subject-peoples, but not its own. Victory would strengthen the Imperialism of the victors, and prompt the vanquished to a *revanche*. The full realization of self-determination for all peoples will come only, it argues, after a general social revolution. Socialists ought meanwhile to work for a speedy peace, even if this means compromise over the full theoretical demand for universal self-determination. They support the transformation of Austria-Hungary into a federation of autonomous States, and demand the restoration and indemnification of Belgium. An absolutely democratic peace would settle the questions of Alsace, Italy, Poland, and Turkey on the basis of self-determination, but they have no illusions. These questions cannot all be settled now, and they protest against a continuance of the war to settle them. Short of that, however, Socialism should use all its influence to secure their decision "as far as is possible without continuing the war."

THAT is, we believe, a very general opinion, though it is rarely stated so frankly. Austria is desperate enough to discard diplomatic insincerities. In a rather remarkable written communication, Baron Burian ex-

presses himself, though with less ability, less sincerity, and less dignity, in much the same sense. He applauds Mr. Wilson, quite in the old Czernin style, as "the genius of mankind," and adopts his programme without reserves. He insists that it is only territorial questions which now prolong the war. He concludes with an attempt to argue that the renewed alliance with Germany, which is purely defensive, is not an obstacle to "the sublime idea of a universal League of Nations." On the contrary, the Central Alliance may be "a favorable nucleus" for the League. That, of course, is exactly what advocates, like Mr. Arnold Bennett, of the idea of forming a distinct Allied "League of Nations" now say of their intentions. We differ. We think, however, that the Austrians have a meaning which they are signalling to us. "We can't stand alone. To-day, we must ally ourselves with Germany. For God's sake deliver us from this prison by creating a Universal League which will absorb these oppressive alliances!"

THE third act of the German offensive has begun, and already on the fourth day it seems clear that the advance has been checked. We are not justified in coming to this conclusion merely from the smallness of the territorial gains. It is not true that in the two preceding hammer blows the greatest gains have been won on the first days. In the March battle the day which saw the greatest advance of the enemy was the sixth, when a broad belt from a point opposite Arras down to Noyon was crossed by the Germans. The key to the struggle is not the extent of the gain, but its tactical value. On March 26th the Germans harvested what they had sown on the 21st and 22nd, and if we had known at the time the disorganization produced in the 5th Army in the first two days and the sort of advance the Germans had made, we should have been able to predict the great retirements on the fourth, fifth, and sixth days. If we had known that our units were fighting *westward* for days together through Germans, we should have feared more than we did, and have regarded the final stabilizing of the new front on the last days of the month as a wonderful achievement. The advance on the first and second days of the March offensive was relatively small; but it was a homogeneous, connected advance, and it is this that differentiates the present successes from those of the two earlier attacks.

UNTIL Wednesday afternoon, *i.e.*, the third day of the present battle, the Allies had not lost a gun, and the number of prisoners claimed was on a considerably lower rate than in the French offensive in April, 1917. The battle was expected to break out where it did. Indeed, as we pointed out last week, the German successes so far have inevitably tended to define Foch's task. The Reims salient had to be reduced. At the present moment it still has to be reduced, and until this problem has been solved by the enemy command the advance on Paris is resumed under grave risk. If Soissons had held out three days longer in the May attack, it is probable that Foch's counter-attack would have inflicted a most serious reverse on the Germans. Similarly with the Reims *massif*. While it is held the left-rear of an attack on

Paris is in jeopardy. When the battle opened at midnight on the 14th the Allied guns were all ranged and ready, the front lines lightly held, and the Staff waiting for their chance. The short and intense bombardment was the signal for the Allied barrage, and the packed front German positions were heavily shelled. The enemy must have suffered severely before the infantry were launched. Their plan necessitated a tactically divergent attack, and, like all assaults of the kind when met by a cool defensive, it tended to break up into numerous local actions.

THE strength of the earlier blows was the irresistible wavelike shock. The battle which opened at dawn on Monday never had this appearance, and still less its virtue. Reims was ignored, and while one thrust was searching the right rear of Reims and another striking due south towards the old Reims road, the third was directed east and south across the Marne. The apparently disjointed effect was risked to achieve the strategical convergence on the Marne in the rear of the Reims *massif*. The first day gave the Germans the Morovilliers position, so dearly won last year by the French, and it carried them some two or three miles into the defensive zone in Champagne. But Gouraud, who commanded there, knew his terrain, and he exacted a very heavy price for the positions he ceded. His barrage was well-timed and deadly, and, in spite of the use of tanks, the Germans suffered heavily and gained nothing commensurate with the price. West of Reims the success was greater. The storm troops succeeded in crossing the Marne, but the limits of their crossing were rigidly restricted. Even on Monday a skilful and energetic counter-attack by American troops interposed a firm barrier towards the west; and the Germans did well to have crossed the river at all.

It was from the Reims-Dormans sector that the most serious movement came. The bridgehead across the Marne is not deep or extensive; but the thrust from the north-west towards Epernay, i.e., towards the rear of the Reims *massif*, though it had not penetrated to within less than six miles of Epernay by Wednesday afternoon, threatened to turn the strong position upon which the success of the defensive depended. But a threat is merely a threat, and since the offensive was undertaken to remove a threat, it had done little in merely providing a counter-threat. Reims, however difficult to hold, is still a valuable manœuvring point, and the defensive has done remarkably well to hold the picked German troops off so valuable a position. On no other part of the battle front have the Germans made such important headway as in the advance down the valley of the Aisne, which cuts through the high ground in the rear of Reims; and the struggle seems to have degenerated into a great effort to cut off the whole Reims *massif*. The greatest tension on the east is at Prunay, where the enemy is again pushing towards the right rear of Reims, and on the west along the Marne towards Epernay and along the Aisne. It is improbable that the Germans will abandon their attempts to improve their gains in these directions; but so far the decisive success desired is not in sight. The French are now making a counter-offensive between Chateau-Thierry and Soissons. Now that German forces are south of the Marne, the importance of the success of a French attack on that sector is too obvious for comment.

SEVERAL correspondents have pointed out that troops which were to have been relieved on the first evening had to be withdrawn at noon owing to the severity of the fighting. This fact is highly suggestive. In the earlier battles the specially trained shock troops were not withdrawn so early; but the position seems now to be that the reserve of these "gladiators" is being exhausted, and their work is now confined to the breaking down of the first resistance. Inferior troops must follow up the advantage, and if the shock troops fail to break down the resistance wholly and the fighting reverts to that tense struggle for yards which the Western Allies know so well, they must be withdrawn, and retrained for

further chances. The use of these tactics explains the large number of famous German units involved in Monday's fighting, and it introduces an element of error into our calculations. For the number of units identified may suggest a considerably larger area of risk than is actually the case. If the battle does not cast up some line which promises profitable development in the immediate future, the shock units will be withdrawn before they have suffered anything approaching the loss countenanced in such operations as those of March 21st and May 27th.

ON any reckoning the present battle has not involved more than the fringe of Ludendorff's reserve, and although it might have become merged into a capital operation if things had gone otherwise, it is, in theory and in fact, ancillary to the main German attack. It may yet drag on, and exhaust more and more of the reserve until the matter is decided against Ludendorff. That indeed would be the best for the Allies, and if the Reims *massif* should be yielded in exchange for the final exhaustion of the German reserve, this would mean that even on the battlefield Germany had lost. It is noticeable that the Allies have made a distinct advance in coping with these great attacks, and we can best measure this by the continuance of the main action. The March 21st attack ended after nine days; that of April 9th continued for twenty before it was abandoned; the Aisne battle sank down after eight days, and the engagement of June 9th after six days. The Allies have been counter-attacking from the beginning of the present battle, and on the third day the struggle had broken up into detached and local engagements. It is remarkable how soon the American troops have learned their lesson, and with three-quarters of a million combatants in France the German attempts at exhaustion cannot be said to promise success.

COUNT HERTLING's speech after von Kühlmann's fall, which reached this country in three disjointed fragments, was probably intended rather to serve domestic purposes than a diplomatic end. The curious reference to von Hintze, who will carry out the Chancellor's policy and not his own, probably means that Hertling had resented the independence of his late colleague, and believes that he has now got a more manageable tool in his own hands. "Vorwärts," however, suggests that it is the Pan-Germans who do as they like with "the old gentleman." The Reichstag majority, however, has been kept intact, and though Scheidemann made the usual critical speech, his party voted for the Credits. The reference to Belgium in Hertling's speech was presumably a sop to Scheidemann. The undertaking not to retain Belgium "in any form whatever," was the most precise we have yet had. Belgium, however, is still a pawn (or pledge) to bargain with, but the use which will be made of it is apparently modest. It will be used to bargain away certain dangers, primarily economic. "What we precisely want is that after the war, restored Belgium shall, as a self-dependent State, not be subject to anyone as a vassal, and shall live with us in good and friendly relations." That seems harmless, and may only mean that a neutral Belgium must not join an Allied Economic "war after war." The rest of the speech contained little of note. The Allies are still charged with pursuing Germany's "destruction" as their aim. Germany, on her side, aims not at world-dominion, but at the inviolability of her territory and open air for economic expansion. In the East she stands "on the basis of the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk." Negotiations for peace would be welcomed, but they must begin in a small circle.

A LONG semi-official statement at length "releases" the news, pretty widely diffused already, that Allied Intervention in Russia has begun, and that "considerable" British forces are operating on the Murman Coast. The reason alleged is, doubtless, up to a point the real one. We are taking this action primarily in order to prevent the Germans, or their Finnish satellites, from establishing submarine bases in the Arctic zone. Unfortunately, the Central Soviet Government treats our

occupation of this coast as an invasion of Russian territory, and has sent a kind of ultimatum demanding the withdrawal of our forces. That was to be expected, and it may lead to hostile clashes, if not to a formal state of war with the Bolsheviks. The semi-official statement goes on to say that Germany intends to advance into the heart of Northern Russia, to Vologda (the junction of the Archangel line with the Petrograd-Moscow line). Does this mean that our force is to anticipate them by going to Vologda first? In that case, what is contemplated is the occupation not merely of the Arctic Zone, but also of vital points and roads in Northern and Central Russia. It seems a risky and adventurous military policy, sure to involve a sort of war upon the Soviet Government.

THERE is, however, one reassuring fact to be noted. American troops are included in this Murman force. Mr. Wilson seems to be still opposed to Japanese action in Siberia. After his recent speech on the Mexican parallel, it is hard to believe that he has agreed to any action in European Russia which would involve definitely hostility to a revolutionary government. The risk, none the less, is grave. One cannot certainly guess what the German reply will be. Count Hertling's speech implies that he is watching events, that he does not positively wish to upset the Bolsheviks, but that he doubts their ability to maintain themselves. He might eventually decide to send in troops to support the Soviets against Allied attacks. More probably he would prefer to back what he calls the "Monarchist Cadet" movement. Though it is untrue that Professor Miliukoff is, or has been, in Berlin, the official "North German Gazette" states that he is prepared to collaborate with Germany. Thus there emerges the grotesque possibility that both German and Allied forces may be engaged in overthrowing the Bolsheviks, and a purely passive Russia may become the spacious cock-pit in which foreign armies fight each other for no aim but the physical mastery of territory.

THAT is already the condition of Siberia and South-Eastern Russia. If our always fragmentary and often contradictory news may be trusted, the Czecho-Slovaks (who have united with some Polish, Cossack, and Japanese volunteer forces) are in the ascendant from the Volga to Vladivostok, though with some gaps in their line of communication. They are fighting against the Bolsheviks, but for whom? Three anti-Bolshevik Provisional Governments at least have emerged under their protection, but they have no connection with each other. That which General Horvath heads in the Far East is the favorite of the Northcliffe papers, and seems to be recognized and aided by the Allies. It is frankly for the restoration of the old *régime*, and for private property in land, and has issued a vehemently anti-Socialist manifesto. Presumably, it aims at a restoration of the monarchy, though the plan (avowed by General Gourko) is to begin with a *régime* of repression and punishment under a military dictator. When it has done its unpopular work, it will give way for the restoration of Tsardom. A pro-Ally reactionary Siberia will confront a pro-German reactionary Russia. Will the two then fight each other?

LORD WIMBORNE administered on Tuesday a searching interrogation to the Government, which, Lord Crawford, deputizing for Lord Curzon, after seeking to evade it, absurdly treated as if it were a kind of *lèse-majesté*. But Lord Wimborne's questions will have to be answered. He asked why no kind of reply was made to any of the German "peace offensives," though it was obvious that an attitude of "stony and acid silence" on our part was precisely that which answered their purpose, on the theory that they were meant for home consumption, or in bad faith. Why, then, should we show such slight "penetration and dexterity"? Was it because our own policy was ambiguous? If the Czernin basis were accepted, and annexations and indemnities discarded, would not a military Germany, forced to retire bootless to its frontiers, have to accept defeat? If we had opened nego-

tiations on those terms, either the world might have "stumbled into peace," or pan-Germanism would have been broken as a resisting force. As it was, we always contrived to give the German extremists ground for saying that we desired the extinction of their country. If Germany was made to think that our designs were really Imperialistic, she would remain morally unbeaten and unconvinced, whatever the issue of the war. The Government's answer to this admirable argument was that it was inopportune. It is inopportune only to the Government that halts between Imperialism and a disinterested peace.

THE Government has been driven by its Moderates into a weak but comparatively harmless compromise on the Aliens question. Sir George Cave has rejected the cry of the George-Northcliffe Committee—"Intern them all"—in favor of the only possible (and sane) alternative, which is, "Intern those whom it is expedient to intern." There is to be a fresh revision of the lists of interned, the Advisory Committees are to be strengthened, presumably with an infusion of "stuntists," and the public service is to be confined to the children of "natural born subjects of this country or an Allied country," but exceptions are to be allowed for "definite national reasons." Sir George Cave has admitted that for this purpose Government servants include Ministers. Therefore, Lord Milner and Sir Alfred Mond will, we presume, have to plead for exemption from this new law. Further, no person who is not a British subject will be allowed to change his name without license from the Secretary of State. This, at least, eliminates the Committee's insult to the King. For the rest, German banks and businesses are to be summarily wound up, irrespective of whether this is to the interest of their British creditors, our trade is to lose the advantage of working new enemy patents, and no enemy bank is to be opened for a period of years after the war.

THE measure is mostly camouflage; but it falls short of the Billingsism of the Committee's report. And it was far above Mr. George's statesmanship. The Prime Minister, in a speech which fully disclosed his slavery to the Northcliffe-Hulton-Rothermere-Beaverbrook Press, complimented it on its choice of "good copy," and therefore on its sureness as a guide to public opinion, implored the House to "keep the Government up to the mark," and spoke of this obvious "stunt" as a matter closely connected with the prosecution of the war. Such sheer demagoguery has never been uttered by a Minister within the walls of Parliament—or outside it. However, in spite of this pressure, the Bill has not been sensibly worsened in its passage through Committee, and in one or two respects, such as the original proposal to compel a British woman whose husband has been de-nationalized to lose her British nationality, has been slightly bettered. Meanwhile, the agitation of the Billingsites out of doors has been a complete failure.

THE Reichstag has actually asserted itself this week against the General Staff. A land company, whose leading spirit lives at Headquarters, has got a contract to buy up land in Alsace, plainly with the purpose of settling "reliable" German colonists there. The Government defended the contract, but after strong speeches by Erzberger, some Radicals, Socialists, and the Alsatian Deputies, a large majority of the Main Committee voted against the Government in favour of cancelling the contract. There seems, however, to be little opposition to the colonisation plans in Courland. The Baltic Barons are required to sell a third of their big estates at pre-war prices, to make way for small settlers. These apparently are Germans formerly resident in Russia, who are now fleeing from the anarchy there. One is not surprised at a scheme to Germanise Courland, which has lost much of its Lettish population by flight and migration during the war. There is no doubt that the Junkers mean to absorb Courland. What is surprising, however, is that Germans should be encouraged to flee from Russia.

Politics and Affairs.

THE COMING PEACE OF DEMOCRACY.

THE German Chancellor is, above all things, an old Parliamentary hand. His management of the Reichstag is neither dashing nor original, but one must admit that it succeeds. He has got rid, not unwillingly, we imagine, of Herr von Kühlmann, whose more mobile and sympathetic personality is the antithesis of his own; he has had to accept, much less willingly, we should guess, the Pan-German von Hintze as his successor. He had, in this crisis, to face a House which has begun to think of itself for the first time as the arbiter and maker of Ministers, and to reconcile it to changes in which it no more played a part than did our Commons in the fall of the Coalition. His method seems at first ill-chosen. He made a speech which reads, when one pieces its fragments together, as an important diplomatic pronouncement. In reality we do not believe that Count Hertling was addressing himself in this speech to the outer world. He had declared only a fortnight before that such speeches were always misunderstood, and that he would make no more of them. The utterance itself differs rather in tone than in substance from the speech which led to von Kühlmann's fall. That Minister was obviously and openly speaking to us over the heads of the Reichstag. When one reads the whole debate in the German reports, it is clear that the reason for the anger of the Junkers was not merely that von Kühlmann seemed to be proclaiming at once the uselessness and the impossibility of a German victory. His offence was also that he addressed himself to England. The idea of a reconciliation with England had always been the guiding idea of his policy, and in this speech he proclaimed it more boldly than heretofore. The retort was crushing. "To appeal to the good will of England," answered the Junker leader Westarp, "is useless," and there were cries of "Very true." Even Herr Naumann, who made a brilliant defence of von Kühlmann, could answer only that the Lansdowne movement was a notable symptom, while he too had to admit that from official England there had come no response whatever to all the German offers of peace. Von Kühlmann fell indeed, partly because he bent to the attack and partly because the Junkers tripped him up. But the real reason of his fall was that he stood for a policy of reconciliation, which our official attitude has frustrated. Count Hertling's speech is not an appeal to us. If it is diplomacy, it is addressed to the immediate task of keeping the Reichstag's confidence. It must be read as an average statement of what the German Government thinks, or rather, thinks aloud, about the settlement, at a moment when it conceives peace as out of reach. If the time had seemed propitious for an offer, it might have been appreciably more attractive.

Unpromising as the circumstances of the moment undoubtedly are, Count Hertling's speech does bring us somewhat nearer to peace. He has declared rather more unequivocally than ever before that Germany has "no intention of keeping Belgium in any form whatever." Time was when Mr. Asquith and Mr. George both declared that when Germany "said restoration," we "would talk." She has said it more than once, but no conversations follow. Are we to refuse all dealing because the Chancellor still regards Belgium as "a pawn" (or pledge) to bargain with? It is perfectly true, as the "Berliner Tageblatt" said, with its usual insight and

frankness, that outside Germany no one will consent to regard the restoration of Belgium as a matter for bargaining: it is a simple and unalterable question of right. That is emphatically our view, and if Germany were to seek any gain for herself as the price of surrendering Belgium, we should support any Government which refused to enter into such a bargain. The full version of the Chancellor's speech seems, however, to suggest a reduced, but still an objectionable, interpretation. The value of Belgium as a "pawn" is that it gives Germany security "against future dangers which might menace us from Belgium, and through Belgium from England and France." These dangers, it seems, are primarily economic, and what Count Hertling chiefly desires is an agreement with Belgium, which will protect Germany "against being strangled economically after the war."

Now that is nominally a fair demand, and in practice no doubt Belgium would admit its validity. But when we talk of "restoring" Belgium to what she was before the war, we mean that she must be FREE, alike in military and in economic warfare. No doubt, if she were to subscribe to the Paris Resolutions, take part in an economic "war after war," and close the port of Antwerp to German traffic, Germany would at once say that she had ceased to be a neutral, and that she was inflicting grave injury on German trade. But Germany knows that she will have to take that risk, if she really means to restore Belgian sovereignty in its integrity. If the Chancellor only means that he will restore Belgium in return for assurances of her political and economic neutrality, his proposition may be plausible from the German point of view, but it gives no assurance of Belgian independence. In other words, it is quite inadequate. If, on the other hand, he means, as conceivably he may, that as the price of her liberation from invasion, Belgium is, like Luxembourg, to enter the German Customs Union, and in effect to attach herself to "Mitteleuropa," he is proposing a disguised conquest, which none of the Allies would consent even to discuss. This ambiguity must be cleared up, but we need not refuse discussions merely because the word "pawn" or "pledge" is used. It is self-evident that so long as Germany occupies Belgium (or for that matter Northern France), she will not voluntarily evacuate them, so long as she fears terms which menace her existence. If we require as a preliminary to peace that she shall evacuate all these territories, there will be no progress, until we on our side agree to treat our threat to her economic existence as a removable one. There is the crux. Germany must buy her freedom, but in no case ought we to say in advance that she is not to have it. The "New York Times" insists that we mean to drive Germany out of Belgium before we treat. That is the exuberance of inexperience. Peoples who have been longer in the war than America have a juster measure of the cost of that operation in blood. It would probably mean the reduction of all Belgium to the desolation of the fighting zone in France.

There is no obstacle here to discussion. Nor is there an insurmountable barrier in the Chancellor's more general statement of Germany's claim to the inviolability of her territory and to "open air" for her economic expansion. If there are to be territorial changes, they must come by agreement and not by conquest, while economic freedom is the price which we would pay with regret for a real abandonment of German militarism. The difficulty begins rather when Count Hertling declares that he stands "on the basis of the

Peace of Brest-Litovsk." It is neither possible nor desirable to restore the Russian Empire as it existed before the war. Finland and Poland, at all events, have probably left it for ever. But there can be no honorable or tolerable peace until the Treaty of Brest is revised. That has been admitted by many independent civilian voices in Germany, and Herr von Kühlmann was speaking officially when he foreshadowed further negotiations with Russia over Esthonia and Livonia. Any general peace must involve the withdrawal of German troops from Russian soil now engaged, as in the Ukraine, in a cruel and lawless invasion of national rights. With their departure many of their ephemeral creations will come to end. Nothing that we can do, no treaty and no redrawing of the map, can alter the fact that until Russia recovers (a process which may require a generation), German influence will have a preponderance in all this Borderland, and would not lose this superiority even if Germany were beaten and disarmed. It is generations, even centuries, ahead of the primitive culture of these backward and neglected Border peoples. The Treaty must be so revised as fully to ensure their political freedom, but some measure of German predominance along her immediate Eastern border is the inevitable consequence of the Russian collapse. How long it lasts and how far it reaches will depend less upon treaties than upon our own skill and sympathy in handling the Russian people.

For our part we have little faith in the prospects of any approach to peace which begins with the minutiae of territorial questions. To thoughtful men on both sides it grows increasingly clear that the general question of what kind of world we are going to live in after the war transcends all these details. For our public opinion one thing is essential, that we should create a League of Nations, and end militarism by disarmament. For Germans the vital issue is whether they will enjoy the "open air" of economic opportunity. The central issue of the settlement is to complete the ideal of international co-operation by a charter which assures both these essential things. Our Labor Party, which has in its programme combined them in one synthetic whole, has achieved the first indisputable diplomatic success of this war. It has rallied the whole world of organized Labor in our Continent to its general programme. Its definition of the League of Nations was as clear, as its proposals for economic peace and the distribution of raw materials were definite and concrete. So far as we have seen the documents, Mr. Henderson is fully justified in claiming that no substantial difference on any matter of principle divides the enemy from the Allied Socialists. The Austrian assent is more than cordial: it is drafted with a courage and breadth of outlook which would set us all asking in amazement (if we were not bemused by habit) what is the malign fate which forces us to slaughter armies partly composed of men who think these thoughts. The Bulgarian document is an almost naïve cry of delight that such a basis of unity has been found. The view of the German Minority was never in doubt. If we know that of the German Majority only in outline, the fault lies with our Foreign Office, which prevented Mr. Troelstra from informing us. Mr. Henderson, however, is satisfied that even here there is no serious disagreement.

Among all these documents, that of the Austrian Socialists is by far the most important, because it is obvious that dire experience has brought the rulers of Austria to profess, under the teaching of necessity, opinions which her Socialists have always held by conviction. Count Czernin's fall has led to no change of

tone, and only this week his very unpromising successor, Baron Burian, follows him, and in language not wanting in fulsomeness, adopts the Wilsonian programme. We are convinced that if the entire Entente could be induced to attempt a "peace offensive" on the lines of this Labor programme, they would presently find Austria and Bulgaria marching over to our lines with the Emperor Karl at their head, much as the Tchech regiments used to walk over on the Russian front. If the essentials of our programme were the League of Nations, disarmament, and economic peace, instead of the sorry territorial details of the Secret Treaties, Germany would be isolated among her Allies, and in Germany itself the Junkers would be promptly driven to the wall. It is clear that even yet no binding step has been taken by reluctant Austria to conclude that "deepened and extended alliance" with her dreaded partner. If she takes it in the end, it will be only because the diplomacy of the Entente persists in threatening her dismemberment. As for Bulgaria, her quarrel with Turkey and her discontent with Germany is openly proclaimed.

We have small hope, however, that our statesmen will grasp the fact that the leadership of a distracted and desperate world will fall to him who points the way to a constructive peace. It is for Labor to do what diplomacy is too blind to attempt. It has established the broad fact that the workers of Europe are united in principles and in aspirations. The task remains to ascertain whether under the dual pressure of their urgent need of peace and their eager hope of a rational future, they can apply these common principles to the detailed solution of territorial problems. Given patience and time, the work is not beyond their capacity. Mr. Henderson shows an admirable persistence in working for the idea for which he sacrificed high office. We would encourage him to persevere. The thinking world has as little trust in official diplomacy as it has in any purely military decision. The future belongs to those who have the audacity to organize their faith in international democracy.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF THE MARNE.

AFTER a pause for a complete month, Marshal Ludendorff has resumed his attempt to secure a military decision on the battlefields of France. For some weeks it has been doubtful whether his policy would be pursued, and it is certain that the opposition was in the ascendant for a time. Kühlmann would never have been allowed to preface a *certain* resumption of military operations on the grand scale which the Kaiser's generals undoubtedly proposed with the opinion that they could not succeed in the end. Soldiers cannot be called upon to make the supreme effort when they are told that it is unnecessary. The resumption of the offensive is, then, a highly significant act, born of internal tension and of a recrudescence of Pan-Germanism. But it is certain that the policy which permits it and the direction under which it is being fought are still opportunist, and will use the alternatives according to the findings of fate.

The third Act of the Ludendorff plan is badly staged for another reason. Not only have its political antecedents been unfortunate. Even the military history of the Germanic Empires has been unhappy since the last page of the second Act was turned. The Italian victory was as complete as could be wished under the circumstances; and, measured by the grandiose dreams which inspired the Austrian attack and the undisguised chagrin at its miscarriage, the operations in Italy must be regarded as among the most important and determining phases of the war. In France, too, the Allies have been busily recovering points of tactical value here and there, and the American reinforcement has added little less than the total force engaged by the Germans in the first two days of the new attack. With such

preludes, the armies of von Boehm, von Mudra, and von Einem began their attack upon Monday, the 15th. About midnight on Sunday the guns suddenly began the thunder which echoed through the streets of Paris. Four hours later the German troops advanced to the assault. The front of attack measured, taking the line as continuous, some fifty-five miles between Chateau Thierry and the Main de Massiges in Champagne. In the approximate centre of this battlefront, the position of Reims stood out like a rock in the face of running water, and the troops flowed past on either side. They had attempted to beat down the position before. Their purpose was now to turn it by the right and left. If they could succeed, they would cut off the garrison which, in defiance of every threat, has held out when those who most appreciate the French spirit had reconciled themselves to its inevitable loss. The immediate as well as the remote preparations for the attack were those which have now become familiar to the Allies. A vast and secret concentration of guns and troops; a bombardment, using a great proportion of gas shells over a deep area; a spearhead of shock troops specially trained to break down the initial resistance of the defensive; the shortest notice of the attack, and then the assault with an apparently unreserved violence.

But the course of the battle went differently. In the Champagne sector, where the engineers of both sides had spent the best efforts of their genius, the attack was held in the battle zone. Immediately east of Reims the penetration was greatest; but even there it was not critical on the first two days. On the west, where the Marne threw a by no means contemptible obstacle in the path of the advance, the attack achieved a greater success. "At daybreak pioneers transported the storming troops across the river, and thereby created the foundation for the success of the day." Between Dormans and Fossey a number of bridges were thrown over the river, and it must be admitted that this crossing of the river on a front of nearly twelve miles was a praiseworthy achievement. The ground lies little lower on the south than on the north, and any slight advantage in observation possessed by the Germans or in their tactical position on the loop of Jaulgonne was more than counter-balanced by the difficulties of crossing a considerable river in the face of an alert and vigorous defence. Our own adventures on this very river in September, 1914, give force to this consideration. But even admitting the skill and courage involved in this tactical success, the achievement of the first day does not bear comparison with the opening moves of the two preceding Acts. Nor did the second day redeem the general situation. East of Reims, again, there was little success, and on the west, though there was a greater, it was quite unlike the successes of March and May, and far from what had been proposed. The German troops on the second day skilfully turned the direction of their thrust west of Reims towards the east, wore down the outer defences of the Montagne de Reims bastion, and turned along the Marne from Mareuil towards Epernay. But they were to have been in Epernay on Monday night, and in Chalons on Tuesday. The plan was to manœuvre by the Marne towards Paris; but so far the strategic scheme has only appeared in conjecture. The tactical gains have been so small that we have no substantial means of reading the mind of the German Staff.

It was of course clear from the beginning of the May attack that the Reims position must be reduced. The penetration across the Marne can hardly be developed unless not only Reims but the Montagne de Reims can be swept out of the German path. The attack in Champagne, simultaneously with that west of Reims, was meant to cut off the whole of this salient, which is an ever-present threat while it remains intact. If the Germans fail to reduce this position they have lost this battle at any rate, and have left the jumping-off ground for a counter-attack in General Foch's hands. It is perhaps not too much to say that the whole German campaign hangs upon this position. Taken, the campaign is not won; but not taken, it is almost certainly lost. If we are right in our reading of the present battle, it is the clearing of the flank preparatory to the opening up of a

new advance across the Marne towards Paris. Whether it is the main attack it is impossible to say; but in theory, at least, it is not. It is merely the inevitable removal from the flank of a threat which precludes the safe development of the offensive westward. So far as we can depend upon the estimated numbers of troops involved, they seem to support this thesis. From the French front comes the report that the German troops were densely echeloned, as before, with twenty-eight divisions in the front and twenty-eight in immediate reserve. But it is strange, if this be true, that we only hear of the identification of thirty divisions in the attack. This does not read like the main attack. To dispose thirty divisions on so great a front means that the Germans have called for no more than ten or twelve divisions from Ludendorff's reserve. The presence of troops from Prince Rupprecht's Army does not show more than that the units have been regrouped.

On the whole, it seems probable that, while making arrangements for any chances, the German Staff determined to clear their left centre without engaging too great a number of troops in order that they might develop the threat to Paris more effectively by extending it in the Marne-Seine area. The two preceding Acts had a main thrust, and then a minor and dispersive or relieving thrust, when the main battlefront had come to equilibrium. The third Act obviously cannot be fought on these lines since it must perforce be Ludendorff's last chance. It will probably include a number of thrusts, all designed to achieve a politico-military effect immediately and to reach a decision. But of these two purposes the only result which seems even likely to be attained is a certain limited influence on civilian *moral*. So far the new battle, despite the great courage and tactical versatility of the enemy, has not been worth the cost. There can be little doubt that the success was dearly bought, and we cannot resist the impression that the remarkable skill and courage of the American troops has had a great moral effect in Germany. The battle is not over yet. Indeed, it has hardly begun. But its rhythm differs widely from that of the earlier battles. The position seems to be "in hand" so far as its strategic purpose is involved; and we may review the situation with renewed confidence.

THE ENGLAND THAT IS AFRAID.

THE debates on the Aliens Bill are chiefly remarkable for the evidence they supply of a new note in British politics. That is the note of fear. In respect of physical bravery, the British race is, we suppose, the most naturally courageous in the world. It is certainly not devoid of moral fortitude. A people which has deposed two of its kings, beheaded one of them, and forced a constitution on a third, cannot be described as wanting in self-reliance. Yet the England revealed in these debates was an England of unadulterated funk, cowering, like Wagner's Mime, before the terrors of its own imagination. Everything seemed suspect to it, its traditions, its liberties, its Ministers, and most of all, itself. It is sustaining a major part in the greatest war that was ever fought. Its sons bear arms in every quarter of the globe; every day, on its coasts, thousands of its fishermen face with calm the prospect of an instant and horrible death. Yet the existence within its borders of a few elderly, unarmed foreigners, sedulously watched by its police, and subject to every restriction that a state of war imposes on aliens, is enough to send it into a paroxysm of distress, and to evoke every sign of mental confusion. Its fear is not even purely racial in its incidence. It is afraid of English women no less than of German men. It is very much afraid of names, and of those who change them. It is afraid of children, taught, according to Mr. Joynson-Hicks, in "no fewer than three or four German schools" still (horrible thought!) in existence in our midst. It is desperately and determinedly panic-stricken about its own religion, and that particular maxim of it which ordains the visiting of prisoners. It at once reports to Parliament (through the mouth of a famous lawyer) when it hears a little knot of Germans

talking together, or sees an English girl driving a German prisoner from one place of confinement to another. The mind of a gallant soldier has been horribly shaken by an aged Hun, whose fifty years' residence in England has failed to disturb his "German views"; by a gentleman, the grandson of a Hanoverian who came over to this country (then as now governed by a Hanoverian King) 118 years ago, in order to fight its battles against Napoleon, because under the pressure of such intelligences as General Croft's he has anglicised his name; and by the same suspicious action on the part of the descendant of a Jewish grandfather, who sought these hospitable shores seventy or eighty years ago—i.e., about the time when Prince Albert, a German, also visited them for the nefarious purpose of marrying Queen Victoria, a lady of German blood. But the classic example of panic was the Prime Minister. Mr. George was not only afraid of the German alien; he was obviously in a state of still more extreme terror of the newspapers that had told him to be afraid. Clearly Mr. George regards the art of sensation as identical with the art of Government, and finds the provision of "good copy" an invaluable aid to the schooling of politicians. That is the word of a master. Let us fully admit that such statesmanship, joined to such journalism, makes a Siamese Twin; and that the governing mind which seeks a mirror of the nation in the "Daily Mail" finds a perfect reflection of itself.

What could one expect of a House of Commons thus instructed and influenced? We suppose we must congratulate the country on having escaped the disgrace of seeing the report of Mr. George's Committee—the most contemptible body ever called in to share a serious counsel of State—deliberately embodied in a Bill, and by that act the King forced to cancel his change of name, Lord Milner to relinquish control of the British Army, and Sir Alfred Mond to give up the Commissionership of Works. We are tempted to conclude from Mr. George's speech that he would have done these things, or sanctioned a Bill that would have made them proper and inevitable acts of government, and from Sir George Cave's that he declined to be a party to them. Lord Milner, it seems, is to be retained. But so little faith have we in the probity of our service, and the attractive and assimilative force of our civilization and ideas, that henceforth we shall, as a rule, open the door of our public offices only to the children of natural-born subjects of this country or of one of its Allies. Save at the will of the Home Secretary, only such persons will be permitted to change their names. We shall not quite treat every gift of British citizenship as a "scrap of paper" and tear it up; but in the case of enemy aliens we shall cancel such acts (again as a rule) if we committed them since the war began, whether or no these "aliens" belong to essentially friendly races, or have sons fighting for us, or have given other guarantees of their attachment. We shall give the British creditors of German banks and businesses the disadvantage of a forced liquidation of their property; and lay on British traders the further handicap of forbidding a resort to such institutions for a "period of years" after the war. We may take means to deprive a British woman of her nationality, and turn her from something into nothing at all. We shall stop the arrangement which, in Sir George Cave's language, "secures to this country the benefit of new ideas originating in enemy countries," and "the protection of British industries and industrial property in enemy countries."* In all these things we ignore the careful

* Sir George Cave thus discussed his own proposals to stop the issue of patents belonging to enemy aliens, the use of which has, since the war, been secured to British subjects. "There are something like 10,000 patents belonging to enemy aliens which are actually now in force. Since the war no patents have been granted to subjects of enemy states, but applications for new patents have been received, and, in some cases, the specifications have been accepted. Those patents, or, rather, those applications, are vested in the Public Trustee, and the use of the invention is secured to British subjects. This procedure is now in force throughout the Empire and in Allied countries. The German Government are treating British patents in the same way. This arrangement secures to this country the benefit of new ideas originating in enemy countries, and secures the protection of British industries and industrial property in enemy countries. But it is a disadvantage in that it means frequent communication to and from enemy countries, although that is done through neutral states. This, under present conditions, the Government consider undesirable, and they propose to discontinue this practice and to cancel the general licence for such communications."

treatment of this question of alien enemies by the Advisory Committees, though they include two judges of great skill, and have acted continuously under the advice of the police authorities and the Government itself. And we do them, on the Prime Minister's admission, at the promptings of the newspaper sensationalist, the man who "holds his ears to the ground" (and the groundlings), and possesses an "instinct" for "good copy."

It is a great misfortune that when the habits of thought that give us our best character in the world are challenged, they should be allowed to crumble away for want of a vigorous advocacy. The Prime Minister does not even seem to know what they are, so he may be excused for letting them be trampled on. But the war is waged for them, and the Liberal Party mainly exists for the sake of preserving them. Why give them away? Why act as if Britain would fall unless we pass the kind of law which would have prevented us exchanging the Jacobite for the Hanoverian dynasty, and under which France could never have had Napoleon for a national hero or Maurice de Saxe for a marshal of her armies? Why say that our processes of assimilation are so weak, the attraction of our institutions so fleeting, that we cannot trust a foreigner who has come for generations under their influence? And why pass without rebuke the unabashed confession of a Prime Minister that he fishes for a policy in papers that an intelligent man, having glanced at them, throws aside with a blush or a smile at the thought of the mind that directs them, and the public that believes in them? It is the duty of the Opposition to exercise some such moderating and directive guidance in affairs. It is still more obviously their part to stay the signs of degeneracy in anything so essentially fine as the character of our nation. There was a clear case for their intervention in last week's debates. Even this Government were divided on the expediency and justice of the Aliens Bill. How could they be otherwise? Not a single proof had been given of the miscarriage of the existing system of dealing with the small number of enemy aliens to whom the police have accorded, after examination, a strictly limited measure of personal freedom. The case for destroying it was hatched on gossip and nursed on the petty malice of the anonymous letter. If Mr. George replies that this is "a matter of great concern, affecting the prosecution of the war," we can only commiserate a country whose leaders so measure "greatness," and so "concern" themselves with the infinitely little. But the Liberal Party should see its duty in bringing the people back to a sense of proportion, and to that inborn tolerance, linked as it is with the proud and steady consciousness of strength, which, even in war, is a great moral possession.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

I SEE the "Westminster" describes the Memorandum of the Austrian Socialists as a "verbose" and "ill-conceived" document. A critic could not have made a worse choice of adjectives. I have rarely read a more concise and clearly reasoned statement of a great subject. It was probably drawn up by Adler, one of the ablest Socialists in Europe. And, rightly understood, it is a fine vindication of the true (as against the false) case for the Allies, and a sedate and luminous approach to peace. No man who has ever thought about politics but realizes the essential truth about them—that the settlements at which the statesman aims are those that best combine the realization of principles with a placable and practical application of them. In that sense, compromise is the religion of every sensible man. We are right to try and win the world for ideas. We are wrong to tear it in pieces for them. That criticism indeed hardly touches the Never-Ending, whose knock-out blow could achieve only the physical delights of victory (over a ruined society) without its moral recompense. But Socialism, with all its faults, is a moral force. And when it declares for a compromise, and asks society to cease

from violence, and then consider how near it can come to an ideal settlement of its affairs, it makes the right beginning to an attempt to re-unite a long-divided world. Its next task will be to draw up the Treaty of Peace which, sooner or later, the diplomatists will have to sign.

BUT here, too, there is movement. I find even Moderates more amused than impressed by Lord Curzon's attempt to extinguish Lord Wimborne's bold and able remonstrance in the Lords. Lord Wimborne behaved, even on Lord Crawford's complaint of him, with perfect correctness. He told Lord Curzon of his motion. Lord Curzon wanted him to postpone it. It was duly postponed. Lord Wimborne only went forward when it became clear that Lord Curzon wanted, not to delay the motion, but to kill it. To this Lord Wimborne would not assent, and his motion was duly made, and linked to a highly suggestive and appropriate comment. Lord Curzon ruffles his feathers, or gets Lord Crawford (a cock of a similar, but a humbler hackle) to ruffle them for him, and every sensible man is delighted. Why not? Is the war to go on for ever? Must not only the oracle, but its votaries, be dumb? It is dumb, or speaks with the usual ambiguity of oracles, because the country is without a policy. But the whole world is speaking. Austria speaks, Germany speaks, America speaks. If Lord Curzon objects to British speech, let him and the Government meet the very simple dilemma which Lord Wimborne submitted to him. Are we for a Balkanized Austria or an autonomous one? Are we for a peace of annexations or for the League of Nations, for the Secret Treaties or for Mr. Wilson's plan of a general democratic settlement? And is there a single unambiguous utterance from any member of the War Cabinet which adopts one of these solutions and rejects the other?

THE result of the Aliens Bill is not altogether bad. The Prime Minister had black looks for Sir George Cave's speech on the Aliens Bill, and a smile of sweetness for Sir Henry Dalziel's. Nevertheless, the Home Secretary spoke for the spirit of sense and moderation which resides even in this feeble and demoralized Rump, and carried it with him. The Bill was the Moderates' Bill; had it been otherwise, half-a-dozen important officials and more than one member of the Government must have resigned. Its measure is anti-Northcliffe, its first Minister is pro-Northcliffe, and the moral division between him and the finer elements in his own administration is all the more marked. The "stunt" press retires to its den, vowing vengeance against the statesman who balked it of half its prey. Let it. I am told that Sir George Cave has been overwhelmed with abusive anonymous letters. But he has greatly added to his reputation among the men of all parties who do not mean to see a rakehell press drive the country to its ruin. These men won a substantial victory last week, and they are encouraged by it.

MEANWHILE, I discern little response in the country to the freakish violence which frightens Parliament, and makes Government bend to its childishness. The North, I am told, regards the whole agitation with its normal contempt for the neurotic South. But is London greatly stirred by it? I doubt it. The "all-in" Trafalgar Square demonstration of last Sunday was an almost complete failure. Three platforms were provided, but only one was needed. The audience was small and listless, and the speaking, at once empty and coarse, failed to stir it. Much the same may be said about "propaganda" of the type of the new cinema, "Hearts of the World." The earlier films of life in the trenches produced a deep effect, for they were truthful and serious. But the evocation of the passion of war, which is the aim of these later "faked" scenes of sentimentality and horror, produces, so far as I can judge, little sympathy. The great music-hall devoted to them was not half full; and such applause as greeted the commoner or more insipid inventions was thin and partial. The truth is that the ever-growing seriousness of the war reflects itself in the national mood, and repels the vulgarity that rules our propaganda.

NOR is the witness of the bye-elections to be despised. There indeed is a little evidence of brain-storms. But it is mostly confined to the Unionists. The Liberal voters are singularly steady. It is they who are carrying Coalitionist candidates in. But the Tory party, yielding to the incitements of the "Mail" (whose proprietor is a member of the Government), are subject to a gradual but very distinct disintegration. I doubt whether Mr. Cotton, the Liberal, got 200 Tory votes. Mr. Greer, the Conservative member for Clapham, freely admitted that he owed his election to the Liberals. More and more the Unionists divide themselves between wretched "freak" candidates with tongues of brass and programmes of Bedlam. The "Mail" and the "Evening News" set the rag-time to which these sorry marionettes dance; but there is a great body of men and women who are beginning to move to a soberer measure, and not a week passes without bringing new strength to this party. If only the Liberal leaders would divine the growing spirit of rationality and give it form and moral encouragement!

THE "Manchester Guardian" suffers a great loss and the "Times" gains a great strength in the transference of Mr. Sidebotham from one office to the other. Mr. Sidebotham has, in my view, sustained a heresy about the war. He has been a confirmed Easterner, and, like other famous heretics, has seen without noting the overthrow of his idol. But he has been a most acute and interesting student of his theme, and has brought to it that power of imaginative treatment of detail without which all criticism of a campaign becomes either a feeble repetition of the official news or a mischievous endorsement of its falsehoods. Mr. Sidebotham's wide knowledge, his astonishing memory, and his gift of grouping facts and linking them to the service of a theory, no less than the luminous and unemphasised style in which these qualities have been displayed, have long adorned the great Manchester paper. They will now shine in Printing House Square.

MISS ENID BAGNOLD is good enough to send me the following verses, which she addresses to Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, and calls "The Guns in Kent":—

Though I live, as is meant,
Very near, very near
Happiness, joy, and content,
And things as they were,
Yet you see what it is:
When you talk of your Dead,
I can't sleep in bed.
I am not languid or tired,
But young, and I wear
Pretty clothes, pretty hats, and a band
At night in my hair.
But I think as an old woman thinks,
That life isn't much,
That on each of my pleasures is writ
"Mustn't touch. Mustn't touch."
And my eyes from the star
I withdraw, and my face from the flower.
This isn't my hour. I withdraw
My life out of this hour.
For there comes very faint, very far,
As such voices are,
A sound I can hear. That I hear
Every night with my ear.
And the window shakes at my head
Over and over,
And each little spring in my bed
Twangs with its brother.
And there thumps at the heart of the Hill,
On the house-wall—and runs
In the grass at the foot of the trees,
The Reminder. The guns.

I BELIEVE that the idea of a deliberate German air attack on the hospitals in France has been abandoned by our authorities, if, indeed, they ever entertained it.

A WAYFARER.

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Life and Letters.

WAR AT THE DOUBLE.

WE cannot say what the title, "Hearts of the World," exactly means, but it has a large and gushing sound that goes home to the bosom. It suits the "soul-stirring spectacle" which Mr. D. W. Griffith and his "executive staff" are now presenting at the Palace Theatre. That spectacle is the very last cry in the cinema industry, and a very loud cry indeed. On the technical side, perhaps, it is not such a marvel of enterprise as that drama of muddled history which displayed the destruction of Babylon at intervals, and must have populated whole prairies for its execution. But Babylon was far away, and one takes a rather abstract interest in the passions and slaughters of three thousand years ago. Here we have to-day itself—the French village as it lies, the Germans up to type, the booming guns, the exploding shells, the shattered homes, the desolated lives, and Mr. Lloyd George rapidly perusing papers. Even at the technical skill one marvels. What labor of building and construction is here! What industrious imitation of scenery and habits! What enterprise and careful selection! What training of men, women, beasts, and birds! What indomitable patience in rehearsal, and exact arrangement for the photography of falling houses and loving hearts! What science in the whirling photography itself! Spectators shudder and cheer as though they witnessed reality. The most sceptical and cold-blooded are astonished.

For consider what passes before their eyes in two hours and a quarter, including six minutes' interval for gasping and refreshments. To gain the artistic advantage of contrast, we are first shown a French village in peace. Even the main street is called "Rue de la Paix." The restful houses, the cheery market, the swans with their cygnets upon the lake, the cultivation of gardens, the family embraces—all tell of ancient peace. Enter the Boy and the Girl (no need for names—they are "Hearts of the World," we may be sure). They see and sigh. More successful than Pyramus and Thisbe, they penetrate a separating wall, and everything is tenderness and joy. Yet the written explanation upon the screen warns us that even amid such scenes people sin, "even as you and I"; which shows a fine humility on Mr. D. W. Griffith's part.

Into the midst of this village idyll a vision of the Kaiser dreaming of world-domination is suddenly intruded, and in the heart of the tender hamlet a heavy German, Herr von Strohm, the villain of the piece, dressed as a picturesque tourist, but quite obviously "an agent of German autocracy," suddenly appears. Before the uncomprehending eyes of the enamored Boy and Girl the Mobilization Order for France is hurriedly pasted up. They regard each other with smiling affection, slowly transformed into bewilderment and terror. "It means War!" someone remarks, and so indeed it does.

The scene changes. We see the British House of Commons, Speaker and all, in session on August 3rd. Sir Edward Grey is speaking. We see the French Chamber. Viviani is at the Tribune, and the Members tumultuously stand up to cheer. We see the British Cabinet, sitting in silence round a table on that terrible August 4th. They are waiting for an answer to their ultimatum. The minutes tick out the lives of men. The hands of the clock move nearer to eleven. Only five minutes are left! Only two minutes! Only one! The hand is on the stroke. The Ministers rise. "War" is the word revealed.

The next scene is in Flanders. Lines of the "Old Contemptibles" are hurrying along the roads. The orchestra gives out a few bars of "Tipperary"—a tune never to be heard without thoughts too deep for tears by any who heard those "Old Contemptibles" singing it as they marched out to the first Battle of Ypres. British cavalry and guns are seen rushing to and fro. French infantry are seen hurriedly excavating trenches. Germans are seen moving forward in huge phalanxes to

the "Hymn of Hate." The pitiful tragedy of evacuation begins. Villagers emerge from their houses, dragging with them children, bits of furniture, cattle—all they can; pushing perambulators, huddling into carts. Some struggle to remain, refusing to believe the truth. Shells fall in the streets. The village is in flames. We are shown its miserable ruins. We are shown the fighting in the trenches. In attack and counter-attack, rank upon rank of Germans, rank upon rank of Frenchmen, rush upon each other, firing, bayoneting, braining with the butt. The Girl wanders out from the burning village. Led by love divine, to the sound of the Wedding March from "Lohengrin" (always the "phrase" for her meeting with the Boy), she discovers her lover's body upon the field.

In a ruined town, we behold the refugees crowding into cellars, vaults, and the crypt of a great church. A mother, surrounded by her children, dies slowly to the tune of "Lead, Kindly Light." We see captured women set to work upon the fields. The Girl is there. She cannot lift the basket of potatoes into the cart. A German corporal, holding a whip of many cords, stands over her. She tries again, and fails. Down comes the lash with stroke upon stroke. Her tortured and unresisting body rolls upon the earth. We see German machines spouting poison gas in yellow clouds. We see British machines responding with poison gas described as "perfected and Hell-ed." We see lascivious dances in a German headquarters, to illustrate the true meaning of "Kultur." We see French captive girls dragged in to be ravished by von Strohm and his fellow officers. We see their motionless and unconscious forms stretched upon the ground in a chamber described as "The Dungeon of Lust." In a later scene we are shown girls selected from a workshop "for a fate perhaps worse than death."

The adventures of the Boy, who, after returning to life, enters the enemy's trenches as a spy during a violent rainstorm, are almost too complicated for this rapid analysis. Hidden in a shell-hole, he fires the signal for a counter-attack, and we are again shown bloody contests in trenches, charges of the French, charges of Tanks, charges of English, Scottish, and Irish troops, who cheerfully leap over the top and dash forward with enthusiasm. Next we are shown the deportation of women and children, and are touched by the exhibition, in magnified size, of a mother suckling her baby. After a terrific scene, in which the Girl barely escapes being ravished by the drunken von Strohm, she contrives accidentally to encounter the Boy, whom she is astonished to find still alive, as well she may be. For the moment we are consoled by renewed strains of the "Lohengrin" Wedding March and an amazing number of embraces, crowded into a few seconds. But time would fail to tell, though it does not fail to see, the rushing adventures of Boy and Girl, in a barricaded garret—the wild contests with intrusive Germans, the firings, the blows, the smashing of doors, the intervals for kissing, the murder of an enemy by the Girl, who runs a knife into his back amid applause. Shells fall in every direction, houses crash to pieces, troops storm over the scene, deaths are frequent. Suddenly we are removed to a pleasant restaurant. Children, soldiers, and women are gathered round the white-covered tables. Clad in their best, the Boy and Girl sit side by side. They feed each other with ices—a comfortable sight—and the Hearts of the World beat in peaceful unison. After that, even the appearance of hosts of American troops marching through an American city to the tunes of "Dixie" and "Yankee Doodle," to be followed by a vision of the Boy and Girl, apparently married at last, and waving American flags, while the orchestra thunders all the National Anthems in turns, seems, perhaps, an unnecessary climax.

Is it not a marvellous story to be crammed into two-and-a-quarter hours, with six minutes' interval for gasping and refreshments? Even in this analysis we have omitted much—many scenes of bloody conflict, and all the secondary plot of love and jealousy, which gives comic relief, to say nothing of "Three Musketeers," one of whom has the makings of a fine comic character.

something like René Benjamin's Gaspard. In resource, in training, and in expense, the show, as we said, is well worthy of the cinema industry in its latest development. Think what it means to dig all those trenches on the open fields or prairies, and to train all those hundreds of men to fight and die without a hitch; to construct those imitation villages, or to arrange the scenes in actual villages of France; to organize the bursting of the shells, and the collapse of the houses exactly at the right moments; to make that mother suckle her infant up to time and with the due amount of pathos; to guide the Girl and Boy by perpetual rehearsals through all their multitudinous adventures and embraces! The pains and expenditure must surpass anything ever devoted to Shakespearean drama.

The upshot of all this sensationalism may be a reversal of the moral teaching supposed to be sanctified by the professed religion of European and American countries, but that cannot be helped. That is, indeed, its tendency; for the precepts nominally accepted in peace-time are necessarily reversed in war, and there is no more to be said. The whole conception of the display is an incitement to hatred of the enemy. Seated in comfortable rows, the audience is invited to join in this Hymn of Hate. For the spectators of "the soul-stirring spectacle" feel that the horrors of war are being brought very near to them at last. They feel that they themselves in a manner share the heroism of those well-trained figures which charge and struggle about the scene. They feel that they are justified in abominating the enemy here represented in all his horror. When one remains at home, protected by sex, age, or official position, that is a consoling position, and so the object of propaganda is attained.

THE VISION OF JEREMY.

"He is said to have expressed the wish that he could escape once in a century to contemplate the prospect of a world gradually adopting his principles, and so making steady progress in happiness and wisdom."—*From Leslie Stephen's "Jeremy Bentham."*

A HUNDRED years have passed since Bentham was in his maturity "codifying like any dragon" and mapping out for the good of mankind short cuts to peace and plenty. Like so many other great rebels, he believed that his principles had only to be read to be accepted, and to be accepted to find instant and practical expression. He did not, of course, emphasize the immediate perfectibility of man with the ruthless optimism of his contemporaries. Godwin and Shelley believed that man, having heard the truth, could arise and shake himself and slough away the monstrous past, leaving no trace behind. Just as the British Socialists of the eighties placed the entry into the New Jerusalem about 1900, so our disciples of the French Revolution foresaw the perfect Commonwealth set irremovably on the foundations of natural right within a decade or at most a generation. Bentham, as became his tranquil temperament and pedestrian philosophy, was not so sanguine, but he lived his long life and died his quiet death in the firm conviction that the sturdy plant of Utilitarian doctrine was destined to be a perennial, and that the course of years would form a steady, if not a rapid, stream that bore mankind to the boundless ocean of security and wisdom.

And now should the sleeper awake according to his desire, what vision would meet his eyes? He would see his principles held up to derision and his philosophy turned into an easy butt for the marksmanship of first-year students. Happiness he would hear scoffed at as a gross ideal; and liberty, though still honored with an unctuous lip-service, he would find most trampled on in practice by its noisiest champions in theory. The hot-gospeller of security would see a world drenched in blood, and the sworn enemy of officialdom would see his

fellows swathed from head to foot in the bonds of red-tape. The keen advocate of annual Parliaments and eternal vigilance would be a witness of "the never-ending audacity of elected persons," as they approve the maddest claims of arbitrary despots. The apostle of individual freedom would notice all free things vanishing—free speech, free thought, and Free Trade; instead he would find everything controlled, except passion, and much rationing, but not of intolerance. The curious spirit would pay a visit, no doubt, to the Universities, and there he would hear much about progress and little about happiness; much about self-determination of States, less about the self-determination of the individuals who make up the States. He would learn, too, that government, now dignified by the name of "social integration," was so far from being a necessary nuisance that it was really the ultimate ideal, with mankind thrown in as its trivial raw material. The State, he would gather, being a corporate person with a tendency to omniscience, exists to demand services rather than to provide them, and to initiate erring citizens, who fancifully imagine that they know what they want, into the mysteries of Real Freedom and the Real Will. He would find, in fact, a sound theoretic basis for bureaucratic bullying, and if he began to ask questions he would be told that he was a materialist, with the implication that this settled the matter. To sum up, the risen Bentham would find real flesh and blood still miserably cheap, while abstractions and figments were strutting as saucily over slums and corpses as when Burke was shrieking his panegyrics on the Spirit of the Constitution, and Blackstone lying prostrate with adoration before the Spirit of the Law.

Were Jeremy in sardonic vein, he might return to his grave with a taunt. "Behold, ye have chosen your gods: let them come down and save you. I offered you happiness and freedom, but ye liked it not. Perchance ye are more wise, and if the greatest misery of the greatest number be indeed your goal, then surely do ye make good journeying." The sneer would be no more unfair than the abuse and latterly the neglect that have been the heritage of Utilitarian doctrine. After all, are we of 1918 in so strong a position that we can afford to throw stones? Let us grant freely the faults of Bentham and the partial failure of Benthamism, great as its immediate influence proved to be. The man, it is true, was an unimaginative Philistine, whose conception of the glorious idea "happiness" was negative and narrow. Nor could the Utilitarian economy ever have led to the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Bentham's psychology was primitive and not even clear at that, and his moral philosophy suffered accordingly. But that does not disprove the value of his basic principles. At the root of all Utilitarian thought lay the hatred of vague generalities and the insistence that every reform, every policy, and every creed must be judged by a practical standard—that is to say, by its ability to find expression in the real experience of actual persons. Eloquent essays on the glories of our constitution meant nothing to Bentham, unless it could be shown that this set of laws and of traditions did actually make people happy. Odes to freedom were not merely barren, but positively dangerous, unless the singers were also cutting down the practical barriers of liberty. For every reformer and statesman and preacher there was one unassailable criterion. Could he and did he banish pain and bring happiness, not to "the nation" or to "posterity," but to the lives of John Doe and Richard Roe, now living and now suffering? The great ones of the eighteenth century had banqueted nobly and made plenty of fine speeches. But some one, as Bentham saw, would have to do the clearing up.

And so he set to work to cleanse the country of cant and catch-words, whether it was the Jacobin pretence about natural rights or the anti-Jacobin humbug about history and tradition. He set to work, in fact, to make men happy; and, widely understood, what nobler aim?

"Vague generalities"—we breathe them, feed on

them, live for them, die among them. Never was an age so racked by the power of phrases or an epoch so fevered with the ague of these pestilent bacilli: never, consequently, a generation that so needed the cooling draughts of the Utilitarian pharmacy. On the lips of all are great abstractions—Liberty, Power, Progress, Justice: on the lips of all, yet in the minds of how many, lies the ability or even the faintest desire to define them in terms of practical happiness? It was Viscount Morley, great follower of the great, who summed up this truth in the aphorism, "All the noblest things come from the heart; yes, but they must go round by the head." A good instance of the modern tendency is to be found in a typical book of the day, Mr. Benjamin Kidd's "Science of Power." For Mr. Kidd, apparently, the end of life is progress to power through "social integration," which can mean little more than organization. Like Germans, we must organize and organize again, though not, of course, for mere military purposes, but for peaceful power. But what is this power? Will it make each one of us broader, cleverer, more sensitive, more happy? What becomes of Dick, Tom, and Harry? They matter little; they are to be "socially integrated." They are to learn the tremendous duty of sacrifice. But here again is a relative term: sacrifice surely demands an object. For a man to sacrifice his happiness that greater happiness for others may result is a righteous and a reasonable process. But to make sacrifice an ultimate end, to demand sacrifice for the sake of sacrifice, is mere self-mutilation. Early in the war a young man was rebuked by an elder for not enlisting. He claimed that his work was held to be important. This made little impression. He went on to explain that he was overworked, tired out, and thoroughly miserable. The elder was satisfied. It was not service that was wanted, but sacrifice; not the end, but the means.

Progress, again, is a word rarely absent from speech or paper; yet how rarely defined! While every quack or impostor applies it to his own fancy, the uncritical multitude accepts his valuation. But the word is nothing without an answer to the question, "Whither?" "Forward," the reply may come. But if going "forward" means continuing on our present path, who but a ghoul could desire progress? "Well, then, 'progress' means going on to better things." But the introduction of the word "better" begs the whole question. Possibly the past has lessons for us and charms that may call us back. All these points have to be thought out and answered before a discussion of progress can have the slightest value. Liberty, too, is a fair and frequent jewel of the peroration, yet many a man is eager to burst his lungs in praise of a "free empire," in which, if he had his way, no individual could think, speak, or act except according to the approved pattern—a "free empire," perhaps, in which no poor emigrant could choose his own dominion.

It is this mental indolence—this quality of humbugging yourself—which horrified Jeremy Bentham in his own day, when he heard Burke discoursing on the glories of our Constitution against a background of place-men and rotten boroughs, and Blackstone extolling the spirit of the Law which scattered death sentences for petty larceny. It is this quality, widened in its sphere of penetration by the spread of semi-education and now strengthened beyond words by the neurosis of war, which would horrify his risen spirit. Still lives the proud refusal to bring abstractions to the touch-stone of experience and to work out in terms of happiness, enjoyable by one and all, the grand phrases of our political thought: still lives the same barren dichotomy between religion and life, ethics and politics: still the same dread and hatred of clear thought. Words are the coinage of our spiritual wealth, and there are misers of language as of gold—men who glory in the symbol to the utter contempt of the reality. Differ as we may from the prosaic Bentham in his interpretation of happiness and in the economic elaboration of his grand principle, alive or dead he has one cogent lesson for eternity: that the greatest principle of all is not to be content with principles.

Present-Day Problems.

IRELAND: A NEW LEAD.

THE appearance, side by side, in the Irish papers of the report of the Orange demonstrations on "the twelfth" and Sir Horace Plunkett's suggestions for the better government of Ireland, is significant. On the one hand, we have a reaffirmation of all the old animosities and an appeal to the passions of the crowd—an appeal which, unhappily, is seldom unsuccessful in Ireland; on the other, a carefully-reasoned constructive policy, having for its aim the reconciliation of differences which are more imaginary than real, a statesman's effort to create a new order out of the chaos into which his country has been plunged.

The way of the Orangemen, whose case, curiously enough, is confided to a Southerner and one-time political opponent—for Sir Edward Carson is a soldier of fortune who, in accepting the command of the Irish Northmen, has turned his back on his racial and political traditions—leads straight into a wilderness from which light and air are excluded by the rank growths of old-time prejudices; the way of Sir Horace Plunkett leads away from the wilderness into open country where men can work together to construct a new social order, and where the common human virtues of mutual tolerance and goodwill will have room to grow and to expand.

Sir Horace Plunkett commends his thoughts on Home Rule and Conscription to "moderate men." Looked at from a distance, the Irish stage, with its spectacular effects, its violent and melodramatic gestures, its rhetorical speeches, may appear to provide no part for such men. But those who know Ireland from within know that beyond the din and the garish lights there is another Ireland—sick, but not with a mortal sickness—which craves for healing and for peace, and that hundreds of thousands of her people would rejoice at the prospect of ringing down the curtain on the sorry drama that has for so long been played within her shores.

Let us examine the proposals which Sir Horace Plunkett makes to this end. They are brief and practical. He recommends, first, that the Government should introduce and pass through Parliament as a war measure a Home Rule Bill based upon the majority report of the Convention; and, in the second place, that a temporary Irish Cabinet should be formed upon coalition lines, such Cabinet, pending the assembling of an Irish Parliament, to carry on the functions of government in Ireland. It would be the first duty of this Irish Cabinet, while assisting the military authorities to secure voluntary enlistment, to get the new Irish Parliament into being at the earliest possible date; until this can be done, Sir Horace Plunkett suggests that it should be made responsible for its actions either to the Imperial Parliament or to the Irish Convention, the latter body to hold regular meetings and become, in fact, an Irish Parliament *pro tem*. The latter alternative would certainly be the more popular in Ireland.

Sir Horace Plunkett's proposals, which, like all really big ideas, are characterized by extreme simplicity, would put an end to a situation in Ireland which is rapidly becoming intolerable, and which, if persisted in, will strain the resources of British statesmanship to breaking-point. For it cannot be supposed that a régime of coercion can be persisted in indefinitely in Ireland. It will fail now, as it has failed again and again in the past, leaving an aftermath of bitter feelings which, sooner or later, find their outlet in desperate actions. The surest way to sow the seeds of permanent disaffection in any country is to treat its people as outlaws and suspects, and the policy of the present Executive in Ireland, with its government by proclamation, is admirably adapted to that end. For the moment the people have been taken by surprise. The strong hand has descended with such suddenness that no reaction has been possible: at present the dominant feeling is a stunned sense of injury.

Take, for example, the prohibition of local *feisana*, concerts, and games. For a number of years past the Gaelic League, in addition to its work for the preservation of the Irish language, has organized these *Feisana* all over Ireland; they have become as much a part of the national life as the Eisteddfod in Wales. The local *feis* in a gathering which is looked forward to for months beforehand by the whole countryside. Competitions are held and prizes given for jig dancing, folk singing, story-telling, and literary work. Like the Breton *Pardon*, the *feis* is a social event, and it has mitigated the dullness of rural life in Ireland, thereby staying the tide of emigration in an over-depleted country. The bitterest opponent of the Gaelic League cannot deny that it has been a humanizing and educational influence of a very high order. By bringing the different classes of society into friendly co-operation, for in many places the local gentlefolk are members of the League and have for years past taken part in all its activities, it has done more to break down social barriers than a century of democratic legislation could have accomplished. Think of the effect that the proclamation of the Gaelic League will have on the mind and imagination of a high-spirited people! It is worth noting that as a result of the "ban on the language" not an Irish grammar remains unsold to-day in the shops of Dublin.

As an alternative to this policy of coercion from without, we have the policy of government from within which is outlined by Sir Horace Plunkett. The adoption of his scheme would,

I believe, lay for ever the spectre which for a hundred years has dogged the footsteps of British rule in Ireland—the spectre of race hatred. For neither the Irishman's hatred of England nor the Englishman's hatred of Ireland has any real or tangible existence. They are the merest illusions, emanations from a vitiated atmosphere. Clear the air and they disappear. The many Englishmen who have come to Ireland as strangers and left it as friends can testify to the truth of this. "You must trust the people or coerce them," says Sir Horace Plunkett; "there is no middle course."

And what, it may be asked, of Sinn Fein? Is it, as some suppose, a huge organization of irreconcilables whose pro-German sympathies preclude any possibility of peaceable government within the Empire? Nothing, I believe, could be farther from the truth. Sinn Fein is not, in any real sense, pro-German; it is rather the expression of extreme national sentiment in revolt, a sentiment which has been outraged by repeated disappointments. If existing grievances were removed and the national demand satisfied it would have no *raison d'être*. Sinn Fein as a force would disappear with political emancipation; it has no constructive policy, and would present no difficulty to an Irish Government.

The Ulster problem is a more serious one, and while I could wish that Sir Horace Plunkett had dealt with it in greater detail, his solution is the only satisfactory one that has yet been put forward. Briefly, he proposes to include Ulster in an All-Ireland Parliament for a specified period, giving her the "safeguards" for which she asked, and the option of reverting to government from Westminster or of adopting provincial self-government at the end of the term of years agreed upon. Since no one in Ireland seriously believes the coercion of Ulster by an Irish Parliament to be either thinkable or possible, the special preferential treatment implied in the "safeguards" may seem in this democratic age to be a piece of unnecessary benevolence towards the "spoilt child" amongst Irish provinces; but it is, nevertheless, a wise provision, and would be a small price to pay for the great moral benefit which would result from her political union with the rest of the family. Ulster once included, the economic bond between her and the other three provinces is already so strong that the danger of partition in the future may be regarded as negligible. The country is, economically as well as geographically, one, a fact which is recognized even by the Northern extremists, and should never have been forgotten by any English statesman. It is for England to decide how long a minority of the people can be allowed to block the way in Ireland.

STEPHEN GREEN.

Letters from Abroad.

AMONG THE BOLSHEVIKS.—III.

BEFORE THE REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL.

A FEW days later I visited the Revolutionary Tribunal. I wanted to see how law without law books and precedents was administered. The palace of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaivich had been turned into a Court House. It is a massive white stone building on the bank of the Neva near the fortress of Peter and Paul. In the old days it was gay with music and laughter. A broad marble staircase covered with a red velvet carpet led to the ball room. That room was resplendent in silk hangings and gold frieze and a gorgeous chandelier. It had a highly polished inlaid wooden floor. Many gay little slippers had whirled across it. Now it was covered with the mark of muddy feet. Dust, ashes, and cigarette butts lay everywhere. The red velvet carpet had been pulled awry. The elaborate furniture was piled up in corners. Streams of working men and soldiers moved in and out. I had great difficulty getting in. A soldier seized me roughly by the arm and pushed me back. It was only when the Commandant appeared and recognized me that I was allowed to enter. An excited crowd was arguing in the corridors. The court room was empty. The judges had retired angry and refused to sit again that day. The story as I got it was as follows:—

A man named Branson, a member of the Ancient Duina and the Secretary of a League for the Defence of the Constituent Assembly, had been on trial. The court room was filled with his friends and sympathizers. When Branson entered he was given an ovation. The President of the Tribunal called for order, but the applause and cheers continued. Then the President ordered the room to be cleared, whereupon indignant cries arose. "This is not a Tribunal, it is a chamber of torture. We will not leave except at the point of the bayonet."

Again the President called upon the soldiers to clear the hall. Slowly they moved forward with fixed bayonets, but the public did not stir. The soldiers withdrew into a corner. A working man sprang to his feet and heaped sarcasm upon the Tribunal. The President threatened expulsion, but the man merely cried out "Shoot me down, you cannot put me out otherwise." The President ordered the man to be ejected, but he slipped in among the spectators and took a seat. From this vantage ground he again hurled out his taunt "Shoot me down, you cannot take me otherwise." The public sided with the

man. It was impossible to reach him without violence. The patience of the court was exhausted. In hot anger the President and Tribunal left. By this time the soldiers were angry. They pushed the crowd from the room with no gentle hand. At this point I arrived. There would be no further sitting that day, so I left, but in a few days I returned. This time I had a permit and had my interpreter with me.

The court, it was announced, would open at two. We climbed the dirty marble staircase. The air was foul and full of smoke. Across one end of the ball room was a long wooden table covered with a red cloth. This was the Judges' bench. In front were rows of wooden benches for the spectators. On one side of the Judges' bench were other seats for the prisoners, lawyers, and witnesses. There was no order or cleanliness. The beauty of the place had been trampled under foot.

Two o'clock came and went, then three, then four, then five. If Germany attempts to systematize Russia she will have her hands full. A Russian is never on time. At six p.m. the seven Judges filed in. They were all working men. They had been elected by the All-Russian Soviet, the Congress of Working Men and Soldiers. Not one of them could boast of a clean collar. The President wore a dingy business suit. One man's shirt was so dirty it was impossible to distinguish the color. He was collarless. No one rose to greet the Court. A group of Junkers were to be tried. Among them a man named Poureskevitch—a General in the Czar's army, one of the men who had aided in the assassination of Rasputin. Poureskevitch is a Monarchist to the backbone and hated by the working class. He and his companions were accused of forming an organization which was to seize the Government and restore the Monarchy. The room was packed. The trial had brought from hiding a number of titled and wealthy people. Most of the women wore Red Cross costumes. This was to hide their elegance. But one family, a mother and several daughters and some relatives, appeared in all their finery. They wore rings and diamond brooches and displayed expensive furs. They crowded on to the bench beside me. There wasn't room for them all, so one of the daughters turned to me. She spoke in German (the language of the Russian Court): "Will you move to the back of the room? We want this bench. One of the prisoners is a relative."

I had been in court four hours. I had sat patiently in my seat to keep my place for the proceedings. I looked up at the young woman and shook my head. She reddened with anger. Her insolence was intolerable. She seemed to have forgotten there had been a revolution. She behaved as though it were in the days of the Czar. She planted herself half on me and half on the bench. She was very beautiful, but her body was as hard and rigid as her face. I found my temper mounting. I understood the rage of the Bolsheviks at the insolence of the autocracy. I drove my elbow with a vicious dig into the young woman. She grew furious, but she no longer had power to order me to a dungeon. She removed herself from my lap but squeezed in close. She was like a stone wall. I could make no impression and gave it up.

By this time even the aisles were full. Two cooks had come up from the kitchen. Their arms were bare and they were hot and greasy. Two V-chairs were brought for them by the soldiers. I sat between the duchesses and the cooks. Of the two the cooks had the better manners. And then there was a great craning of necks. There was a sound of tramping feet. The prisoners were being led in. In they came between two rows of Bolshevik soldiers. They were in full regimentals. Their uniforms were covered with gold braid, and they wore a great array of medals. They even had spurs on their shining leather boots. They laughed and joked like school-boys. The soldiers who guarded them were ragged and dirty. No two soldiers had uniforms alike; some wore caps and other fur hats, nothing matched. One or two had their feet bound in rags. They looked like the soldiery of a comic opera. They ranged themselves around the wall and leaned on their rifles. The whole scene was comic. Again I felt like Alice in Wonderland. I had swallowed a magic pill which had transformed things. Cooks and duchesses; ragged soldiers and resplendent generals; collarless working men and bewigged and begowned judges had changed places. Even the gaudy ball-room by a wave of the magic wand had become a dirty human meeting hall.

Laughter surged to my lips, but something in the faces of the judges checked it. The eyes of the soldiers were stern. The family next me was making signs to their Junker officer. They jested and laughed. They ridiculed the proceedings. The Junker officer lay back in his chair and stretched his feet out in front of him and grinned. Contempt for the court was in every act and look. Suddenly I remembered the soldier in the kitchen of Peter and Paul and his words "the capitalists must be beheaded. I should like to behead them one by one." What were these people thinking of? Didn't they realize their danger?

But now the trial had begun. Poureskevitch had retained an eminent lawyer as his defender. A grey-bearded man in a handsome frock coat stepped forward. He had all the pomp and formality of bygone days. He was over obsequious to the judges. Each wave of his hand was an insult. He bowed low and addressed the Tribunal. "Most reverend and honorable sirs," he began. The prisoners giggled. A smile went around the court-room. But the Tribunal listened with wide-open serious eyes. They struggled to comprehend the learned legal arguments. A puzzled frown crept over their faces. They consulted one another, but the lawyer's eloquent speech continued. "I am sure," he said, "this great and honorable

Tribunal wishes to be just, that the learned gentlemen on the bench have no thought but justice." But the biting sarcasm failed to touch the Tribunal. They listened with childlike earnestness. It was pathetic and magnificent. But early in the case there came an interruption. Among the prisoners was one man who was not a Junker. He had been indicted with the group of Monarchists but he was in reality a Socialist. This man's lawyer, also a Socialist, now arose. He used no blandishments. He struck out straight. He upbraided the Tribunal. He declared it was an outrage that his client, a prominent Socialist, should be classed and tried with the despicable Monarchist Pourskevitch. It was as though a bomb had exploded. The court-room was in an uproar. Pourskevitch, red and angry, was upon his feet. "How dare," he cried, "a common Socialist consider it an insult to be tried with me? I am a general and a noble." It was funny and tragic. One half the court-room glared at the other half. The judges were bewildered. Finally they ordered the Socialist lawyer from the room. They had ignored or failed to understand the derision of the eminent lawyer, but the taunts of the Socialist they understood. Then the court consulted together. At last the President arose and announced the Tribunal would retire and consider whether the prisoners should be tried together or separately. It was eight o'clock. I was faint for want of food. The Tribunal might not return for hours. When it did it might sit until 3 a.m. I decided to leave. As I pushed my way out through the crowd I felt again the intense emotional atmosphere of the fortress. Faces were flushed and eyes angry. Hot eager talk spurted up. There was the same battle of class against class, the same hatred, the same desire on the part of each to dominate. Only the judges had been serene. They were pitiful and great in their simplicity; their struggle to understand; their attempt to be fair.

From the Nicolai Palace I went to the apartment of Maxim Gorky. I felt I must talk to some one who knew and loved Russia. A few days before I had been there and met the mother of Tereschenko and the wife of Konavello. Tereschenko and Konavello were two of the ministers imprisoned in Peter and Paul. This wife and mother were tortured by anxiety. They could not sit still. Their hands shook. They were on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Each morning they opened the paper with sick fear. They had nowhere to go and no one to help them. In their dilemma they turned to Maxim Gorky. He was the one intellectual who had not deserted the Bolsheviks. He was doing the big thing. He criticized, condemned, but tried to help. Each day his paper "Novia Szym" laid bare the faults of the Bolshevik Government. Hourly he was in danger of arrest. Life at his home was continual suspense. Each time the door-bell rang our hearts beat violently. Had the fatal moment come? His stand made his home the refuge of the oppressed. Marie Andrievna, Gorky's companion for twenty years, and in all but legal formality his wife, made a charming hostess. It was she who cheered the distressed women and invited them to tea. It was she who promised to visit the imprisoned men. It was she who told Gorky of Konavello's rheumatism. When Gorky heard this he went to the telephone. Over the wire he arranged to have his doctor visit the sick man. Tears of gladness and gratitude were in the women's eyes when they left.

When I reached Maxim Gorky's, after my day in court, I was tired and spent, but they listened to my story with interest. Then Marie Andrievna told me of her day. She had been to Peter and Paul. She had seen the imprisoned men. She had found Konavello very ill. The prisoners had been through a fiery ordeal. In a moment of rashness Konavello had written to a friend denouncing the Bolshevik Government and declaring Russia was being delivered over to Germany. This letter came into the hands of the soldiers on guard. They were enraged. They cast Konavello into a dungeon. It was a dark cell in the basement where the walls reeked with moisture. When the other prisoners heard of Konavello's plight they took counsel together. It was agreed Konavello was too ill to survive such treatment. They decided to make a protest. Ministers, Generals, and other political prisoners resolved to go on hunger strike. They were not going to be outdone by militant suffragettes. The Ministers and Generals proved effective hunger strikers. The soldiers grew worried, then enraged. They led the little community out into the yard and lined them up against the wall. "We shoot unless you suspend your strike," was the ultimatum. But light came to three Kronstadt sailors. They suddenly stepped forward. "What we are doing is wrong," they said. "It's against all principles of brotherhood. These men shall not be shot except over our dead bodies."

Their courage won the day. The angel in the Russian soldier rose to the surface. The prisoners were sent back to their cells and Konavello released from the dungeon.

"But," said Marie Andrievna when she had finished, "another time it may not turn out that way. My heart sickens when I think of the future."

Since my return to America I have read that two of the ministers in Peter and Paul have been killed. One I believe was the Minister of Finance. The night guard entered the cells and stabbed the men to death. It was not an act of the Soviet Government, but a deed of that wild revengeful force which had been let loose in Russia. The pity of it! For the Russian has infinite possibilities. He is angel as well as brute. He can be dominated by high ideals as well as low, but the Soviet Government has no time to teach high ideals. In its desperate struggle to survive, in its fight for equality, it uses autocratic methods. Only the voice of Gorky rises above the maelstrom, pleading for

moderation, for patience, for fine methods as well as fine principles, pleading for spiritual regeneration as well as economic equality. These are his words as they appeared one morning in his paper, "Novia Szym":

"The question is, is the Revolution bringing spiritual regeneration? Is it making people more honest, more sincere, or is man's life as cheap as before? Are the new officials as rude as the old? Are the old brutalities still in existence? Is there the same cruel treatment of prisoners? Does not bribery remain? Isn't it true that only physical force has changed hands and there has been no new spiritual realization? What is the meaning of life? It should be the development of spiritual realization, the development of all our capacities for good."

The time is not ripe for this. We must first take things over by force. That is the answer I get. But there is no poison more dangerous than power over others. This we must not forget or the poisons will poison us. We will become worse cannibals than those against whom we have fought all our lives. It must be a revolution of the heart and brain, but not of the bayonet."

MADELEINE DOTY.

Communications.

SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION IN GERMANY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—Much has been written and spoken recently upon the topic of social reconstruction. Our magazines and papers are full of schemes for reformation, of suggestions for the New England after the war. In practical affairs, too, many important beginnings have been made in the way of people's welfare work of various kinds.

Very little is known, however, with respect to what has been done or suggested in Central Europe along the same line. In view of the well-known activity of the Germans in matters of social reform, and in view of the fact that a fair amount of information is available in the various German papers and magazines which have come into this country during the last two or three years, it will perhaps be of some interest to readers of THE NATION to have placed before them a few notes—however imperfect and sketchy (under the circumstances they cannot well be otherwise)—dealing with social reconstruction amongst the people of Central Europe, and in particular of Germany.

Before endeavoring to generalize, it will be well to review something of what has actually been done in the last three years in some of the more important centres. We shall then find ourselves on the right lines in reading the significance of the new social life which is arising in Central Europe.

It would appear that the central authorities have thought it best to leave the separate localities to work out their own methods in dealing with the difficulties arising from the war. The governing idea throughout has been to call forth local effort and initiative by means of a policy of extreme decentralisation. This applies to almost every sphere of relief work and social organization. Even in respect of the allowances granted to soldiers' families and to their widows and children, the conditions vary enormously in different districts—although there is a fixed minimum. Beyond this minimum, however, the provision depends upon local endeavor—working in co-operation with employers, trade-unions, insurance societies, and so forth.

Looking at a wider sphere we find that the various cities and districts have elaborated their own schemes for food distribution and production, for the relief of unemployment, for the special care of children, for the provision of coal, clothing, &c., and in general for the upkeep of the economic and social life of the people.

With respect to the food question, it is well known that a widespread system has arisen for the wholesale provision of food through the municipalities, a system which practically stretches all over the Empire, and constitutes one of the most remarkable experiments in social work ever undertaken.

Less understood in this country is the work which has been done in connection with the relief of unemployment (which was very prevalent in many parts, especially in the early stages of the war—mainly owing to the disturbance of the export trade). Almost every district has tried its own pet plan; and a mass of most useful experimental material has thus been accumulated for the benefit of the social reformer. To take one or two significant examples: Berlin, Cassel, Düsseldorf, Mannheim, and Nuremberg have acted on the principle of providing direct employment under the city authorities. In Berlin, a large garden suburb, a new bridge over the Spree, and some underground railway extensions have been completed; and in the other places such work as sewing for the Red Cross, Army tailoring, and municipal building has been started. In certain towns arrangements have been made between the city authorities and local employers whereby the latter agreed to work no overtime, but to employ new hands, or to reduce their hours of work with the same object. In some places arrangements have been made, in conjunction with the Army control, guaranteeing work for all at a definite minimum wage, often fixed according to the number of children in the family, and agreed upon by conference between the workers' unions and the work-providing authorities. In Saxony and Bavaria there has been a specially

clear recognition of the principle of "the minimum existence"—that is to say, the community has endeavored to provide work for each able man, but has guaranteed in any case to keep him supplied with all that is needful for a reasonable existence for himself and family, without any suggestion of charity. The right of every citizen to be maintained by the community as an efficient worker, and not as a pauper, has probably not previously been so distinctly translated into practice. In the opinion of many sociological writers a long step has here been taken (and one unlikely to be retraced) towards the establishment of what is virtually a *socialistic order of society in Germany*.^{*} The view that each should receive according to his needs, and should give after his ability, here receives recognition.

Another movement of significance is the creation in many centres of credit institutions for the purpose of aiding small business men and others who have fallen into difficulties. These are generally run by municipalities or private companies of business men in conjunction with the state or provincial government; and in some the shares are taken up by the public. As with other German credit institutions however, the system is almost too elaborate for any brief explanation.

Reviewing the above sketch it will be realised that there has arisen in Germany during the war an immense organization for social welfare, loosely centralised through a certain degree of governmental supervision, but rooted in the separate localities and moulded according to their specific requirements. The significance of this development does not lie so much in what has already been accomplished, as in the fact that a vast and vigorous organization machine has been elaborated which will be available for social experiments in the future (some of which are already in process of commencement). The well-known Socialist writer, P. Hirsch, who has described the work of the cities in the war, speaking of the extension of municipal activities and so forth, uses words which are echoed far and wide throughout Germany: "It will be the affair of the Social Democrats to exert themselves to make sure that such measures survive the war and are even further developed in the future." That the network of closely interconnected social activities which has come into being will indeed survive the war is rendered far more probable by the circumstance that it is, as we have seen, a product of the voluntary activity of the people themselves, operating through their local bodies, and is not a mere instrument of a detached central government. It is thus of a thoroughly vital and elastic character. The control is in the hands of local councils, trade-unions, women's guilds, working-men's productive associations, and co-operative societies (of which there are now some 30,000 at work), people's building societies, chambers of commerce, local insurance companies, banks, and so on, working often in conjunction with expert opinion drawn from the universities, technical schools, doctors' unions, architects' societies, etc. It should be borne in mind that it is through the medium of this complicated structure that the experiments in the way of housing, land and wage reform to which possibly future reference will be made in THE NATION, are for the most part being put into practice.

There will not be space at this point to refer to the educational aspect of reconstruction work in Germany; but it should be remarked, in connection with the system of social welfare which we have described, that it makes use of an immense number of women helpers, and that some twenty to thirty institutions for training women in systematic work of this kind have been set up in the last three or four years. The aim of these—some of which are technical colleges for women, practically of university rank, and some training schools with shorter courses—is to provide an advanced education for women along specifically womanly lines. The training is such as to equip the girls for social welfare work in general, and there are courses in sociology, social psychology, economics, conditions of labor, etc.—while at the same time specialization is arranged for in such branches as factory inspecting, library work, care of abnormal children, supervision of women's employment bureaus, crèche work and so on. In the more important institutions—such as those at Hamburg, Mannheim, Berlin, Cologne, and Düsseldorf—the whole course, qualifying for a diploma, occupies about three years, and in certain cases four. There are also shorter courses. It is clear from these facts that an extensive participation of academically-trained women in the work of social reform and organization is contemplated.—Yours, &c.,

MEYRICK BOOTH.

^{*} As an example of efficient social organisation we may take the case of Remscheid (an iron town in Westphalia of some 30,000 inhabitants). The principle governing the social welfare work here has been to guarantee to every family full maintenance and rent, at the same time seeing that all who can work do work. Each family is kept up to the social level to which it has been accustomed; and throughout there has been no poor-relief. The municipality has made itself responsible for all soldiers' dependents—with the exception of some peculiar cases who come under private protection for various reasons. The provision of medical attendance, dental treatment, and milk where needed is ensured for every inhabitant of Remscheid; and a special arrangement has been made for sending weakly children to seaside places and country resorts. In the case of the families of deceased soldiers the municipality guarantees to make up any difference between what the family is now able to earn, and what they received when the father was on service—(this is to be a permanent arrangement). Where the man has been disabled the town undertakes the entire care of the family. At the head of the social organization in Remscheid is a central office and central committee, working through 55 local centres, each with a woman head and two to seven local woman assistants. The local centres review all the cases in their district, and report to the central control, which decides as to what shall be done. It is interesting to note that some of the assistance is given in coupons exchangeable only for food, clothing, etc., and serving instead of money (this system—*Bargeldlosenverkehr*—has grown widely all over Germany during the war).

Letters to the Editor.

THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE AND MILITARY INTERVENTION.

SIR,—It must be now the definitely expressed opinion of the majority of the Russian people of the present time that a military intervention of the Allies in Russia must not take place.

We already know that the *de facto* Government of Russia and the majority of the Soviets of the working men and peasants are against a military intervention.

But now we know also that the same opinion is expressed by the Party Council of the Constituent Assembly, that is of the body the most appreciated by the opponents of Bolshevism, as being elected on the basis of a complete Democratic Suffrage and consisting of the representatives of the whole people.

The resolution of the Council, passed on the subject on the 18th of May of this year, was brought to England by Kerenski and was published in the "Manchester Guardian" on the 1st of July, 1918. A few days later it caused a "sensation"—as the newspapers say—among the French Socialists.

In this resolution the Council of the Constituent Assembly declares:

"The Russian Nation will never submit to a violation of the National Sovereignty of Russia by the Allied Powers, and it will not agree to the occupation of its territories or to forcible intervention in its inner policy."

Amongst the opposers of Bolshevism only the Cadet Party has not agreed unanimously with the resolution, though a large number of its members adhered to it.

But we know the present orientation of many of the representatives of the Cadet Party. We see many of them in the Ukraine working hand in hand with the German Imperialism, therefore we must not be astonished that, under these conditions, many of them are for a Japanese or an Allied military intervention in Siberia, although this latter would only further, as I have repeatedly tried to show in my former writings—the interests of Germany and not those of the Allies.

The members of the Cadet Party have suffered very much under Bolshevism; thus one can understand the strength of their anti-Bolshevik feelings.

But nobody could understand or approve of these particular emotions being allowed to influence the destiny of a great people.

The Cadets—like the other more conservative parties—have never represented the opinions of the large masses of the Russian population, neither in the Municipalities nor in the Constituent Assembly. And now the violent agitation of many of the representatives of the above-mentioned parties in England, America, and France in favor of foreign military forces restoring order in their own country, whether Germans or Allies, seems for many of them a matter of indifference, and would be an irredeemable blot on the reputation of these members of the parties, and will deprive them of the confidence of the Democracy for a long period in the future.

The opinion of the majority of the Russian people against the military intervention may be regarded now as undoubtedly expressed: First, by the opinions of the *de facto* Government and the Soviets of the working men and peasants. Secondly, by the opinions of the opposition to the *de facto* Government, in the person of the Council, consisting of the representatives of the Constituent Assembly. The two opposite sides of public opinion in Russia are on this point not in opposition to one another, but unanimous.

If, under these circumstances, there is talk again of an immediate military intervention in Russia it cannot be regarded otherwise than as a clear transgression of all the principles of Democracy and as a blow directed—with full knowledge of its import—against the self-determination and the independence of the Russian people, that is as a blow at the Russian Republic in the interests of the restoration of Monarchism.

DR. V. N. POLOVTSSEV.
(A Vice President of the Municipal Council of Peterhof, etc.)

MR. SASSOON'S WAR VERSES.

SIR,—I am not given to complaining of what I find in THE NATION; for this very good reason, amongst others, that I generally find little but what I like there. But I confess I read with impatience, and at times with indignation, the long and pedantic attack that appeared last week upon Siegfried Sassoon's War Verses. If the writer of that article had understood anything of the spirit of the work that was before him, he might indeed have censured this or that phrase, he might have felt the extravagance of this or that poem. But he would have been capable of discrimination and selection; he would have interpreted even when he could not approve; he would have put his readers into the mood to appreciate for themselves a moving and dramatic document.

Very far different was the method in which your Reviewer went to work. Sitting back, so to speak, in his professorial arm-chair, he appears to have enquired whether these unhappy verses complied with all the rules of proper and orthodox poetry. He found at once that they did not. The rules had been broken, in places they had been set at defiance. And through two and a quarter columns of tedious censure—with the exception of a few lines of tepid and grudging approval—he proceeds to scold the writer of the book for his presumption in writing it.

These verses, he tells us, "express nothing, except in so far

as a cry expresses pain." Their language is "overwrought, dense and turgid." The writer has ironed out "middling prose" into "nominal blank verse lines," and "imagined he was writing poetry." He has endeavored to imitate Thomas Hardy and "strained after pregnancy"; but has fallen lamentably short of it. He has "no calm"; he has "no harmony"; his "mind is a chaos." Your Reviewer indeed is gracious enough to add that if Mr. Sassoon had not "chosen a poetic form in which to cast the record of his experience, and deliberately given the name of poems to his verses," no great harm would have been done. But there is the crime. That is a breach of order and decorum which your critic cannot overlook. To have called verses poems, and to have done it "deliberately"; what a black and heinous offence!

Well, of course such criticism as this is unfortunately only too familiar. From the days of Lockhart onwards, and indeed long before, there has been a pretty steady supply of professional reviewers of the kind who have delighted to belittle and decry the efforts of their fellows. And in the present case, perhaps, there is no great harm in it. For Mr. Sassoon, happily, is no longer an unknown writer. He cannot be snuffed out by any article, certainly not such an article as that. Even in the very paper in which he is thus attacked there is a set of exquisite and moving verses from his pen—verses which you Sir, in defiance of your Reviewer, have been rash enough to insert as "poetry"—which provide no bad antidote to the Review that follows. But we who read and generally profit by *THE NATION*, and yet have the hardihood to admire Mr. Sassoon's writing—whether verse or poetry, or satire or epigram, be its proper designation—we at least, I hope, may be allowed to make our respectful protest against this detraction of a gallant and distinguished author.—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP MORRELL.

14th July, 1918.

"THE STATE OF BRITISH PARTIES."

SIR,—By your article on the above subject in last week's *NATION* you have said "a word in season." The political truce has produced some very unexpected results. They who set up the truce maybe imagined that politics would assume their well-defined lines of cleavage again, and go on as usual after a rather unusual and unprecedented episode. That is an impossible dream. The war has reduced the customs of society to a state of fusion. Politics have felt this change, not less, but more than any other department of our national life. There are no parties, and there are no party leaders—and there is no policy. The general characteristic of the political arena is one of bustle and scramble.

The war has been a melting-pot. Out of the flux are emerging new shapes and new tendencies; at present they are so chaotic and vague that we do not know where they will lead us. Most people are in a dilemma, especially those masses of people who before the war were ardent Liberals. They want a lead, and look in vain to their old chiefs, while all that the party stood for is being lost. There is in the country a sense of distrust, which will soon find voice.

Out of the fusion of things, the Labor Party is the one that seems to possess the vitality to rise to the occasion and endeavor to fit itself into the new conditions. Taking all things into consideration, it has produced and maintained the most level-headed and sane attitude to the war; and certainly its manifesto is one of the most comprehensive political documents of the period.

There is great potentiality in this Party. Those who were termed Advanced Liberals have a close sympathy with the ideals of this new section, and it is certain that its progress is being closely watched and examined. There seems to be a new shape arising out of the chaos. What it wants is a new name. The name Labor Party is reminiscent of a period that the Party has largely outgrown. The Labor Party of to-day does not consist of "Manual Labor," but a large proportion of men who work with the brain and in the professions. If it is to be a real power it should enlarge its borders, and assume a new war cry, "Progressive Party," or some other general term.

The hope of the civilized world is centred in some such political movement as the only guarantee of a "League of Nations." There is a profound distrust of the European Governments in the hearts of the people relative to the establishment of such a League to guarantee peace. The only way to ensure it is to have a period of people's government, and this new party have a fine opportunity to make a bold bid at the next election, to checkmate the tendency towards Imperialism and national strife.—Yours, &c.,

WALTER CORNISH.

19, Cotmanhay Road, Ilkeston.

THE SECRET TREATIES.

SIR,—The publication of my pamphlet, "The Truth about the Secret Treaties," seems to have flattered the doves of the Union of Democratic Control. Four members of its executive at once proceeded to conduct a co-ordinated and concerted, not to say concocted, offensive, against me in the Press. Mr. Ponsonby, M.P. in the "Daily News," "J. A. H." in the "Manchester Guardian," Mr. Seymour Cocks in the "Herald," and Mr. C. R. Buxton, M.P., in your columns all attack me on the same lines. As I have already replied to them in the "Daily News" and the "Manchester Guardian," I may be excused for dealing shortly with Mr. Buxton. The main point of my critics is that I have not fully disclosed the documents alleged to constitute a secret treaty between France and Russia

for the dismemberment of Germany, by the separation of territories on the left bank of the Rhine. I think Mr. Buxton does not, for his part, suggest any intentional misrepresentation. The criticism is, however, without any foundation.

Mr. Buxton appears to have read my introduction in which a single reference to the Alsace-Lorraine document appears but to have missed the section of the pamphlet which deals fully with this matter, and in which all diplomatic documents, so far as they are relevant, are fully and fairly set forth. Mr. Buxton says—"Mr. McCurdy actually quotes a document written a year before (March 1916), as proving that no agreement was made (in 1917). What I actually wrote was: "nothing in the nature of a treaty . . . was then intended." As a matter of fact the story of a Secret Treaty made at any time for the dismemberment of Germany is a pure myth. There never was any treaty of the kind. What happened was this. In February, 1917, the French Republic was considering the possible terms of an offer of peace to be made to Germany, and among the terms which the Government of the Republic then proposed to put forward were certain demands and guarantees of a territorial nature. In brief, the restoration to France of Alsace-Lorraine, with certain extension of its frontiers and the formation of a buffer State as a permanent strategical frontier against any future Germanic invasion. The French Ambassador inquired whether the support of the Czar would be forthcoming in the event of France making an offer of peace and asking for these concessions. Does anyone suggest that it would have been wrong for France to offer terms of peace, that it would be wrong for France to ask for the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, or to ask that Germany should pay some compensation for forty years of enjoyment of stolen property, or to suggest, as a matter for discussion at a peace conference, the formation of a buffer State? Are there any terms of peace which a bleeding and dismembered France might propose to Germany without being accused of shameful and predatory designs?

Mr. Buxton says that I have forgotten that the Allies proposed to divide the Armenian provinces between Russia and France. I have not. I think such a policy infinitely preferable to that agreed upon in the peace of Brest-Litovsk by which the surviving Armenians are themselves being divided limb from limb.

I see no reason why Mr. Buxton should congratulate himself upon the fact that the Bishop of Oxford speaking from the pulpit appears to have been misled by the propaganda of the U.D.C. into most inaccurate and defamatory statements.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES A. MCCURDY.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE LAW.

SIR,—As far as I have seen, there has been no protest from the churches with regard to the recent decision of the Courts in the case of three well known and highly-respected members of the Society of Friends who have been sent to prison for publishing a pamphlet without having asked the permission of the Press Bureau. I suppose the churches are silent because they think it no concern of theirs, and, perhaps, most of them are not altogether unwilling that these "pacifists" should stew awhile in prison. But I wish to suggest that the matter is not merely what it may seem to be at the first glance.

It is necessary to recall the reasons for their action put forward by these persons brought to trial and now in prison. It will be remembered that the executive body of the Society of Friends had passed a resolution placing on record "its conviction that the portion of the recent regulation requiring the submission to the Censor of all leaflets dealing with the war and making of peace is a grave danger to the national welfare." The resolution proceeds: "The duty of every good citizen to express his thoughts on the affairs of his country is hereby endangered, and, further, we believe that Christianity requires the toleration of opinions, not our own, lest we should unwittingly hinder the workings of the Spirit of God. Beyond this there is a deeper issue involved. It is for Christians a paramount duty to be free to obey, and to act and speak in accord with the law of God, a law higher than that of any State, and no Government official can release men from this duty. We realise the rarity of the occasions on which a body of citizens find their sense of duty to be in conflict with the law, and it is with a sense of the gravity of the decision that the Society of Friends must on this occasion act contrary to the regulation and continue to issue literature on war and peace without submitting it to the Censor. It is convinced that in thus standing for spiritual liberty it is acting in the best interests of the nation."

Those words put the case. In the light of that remarkably arresting and dignified appeal, the trial and its result would seem to raise the whole question of Religion in a way that the churches dare not ignore even at the behest of this all-devouring War—unless indeed the churches are ready to surrender the very citadel of their position. The decision of the Court challenges that spiritual origination which is at the root of Christian belief, and without which human life may as well be delivered up to the Materialists and Determinists.

The fact is, these people are in prison for taking seriously one of the most vital and necessary beliefs of the Christian Faith. It concerns not only the Society of Friends and those known as pacifists, but the whole Christian Church. It is not at all a question of this or that opinion on the war; it is a question of the reality or otherwise of a religious claim constantly emphasized by the churches. I make bold to ask, are professing Christian people going to be satisfied to submit themselves, without one word of protest, to a State Determinism

so crushing that it leaves no room in human affairs for the possibility of Divine intervention through some man or woman speaking under the guidance of the Holy Spirit? That is the question with which this prosecution faces us. It is no less than the church's doctrine of the Holy Spirit that is at stake. Dare we relinquish that at the bidding of the Government? I believe the significance of the prosecution has not been at all generally realised among the churches.—Yours, &c.,
SEAWARD BEDDOW, Minister.

Wycliffe Congregational Church, Leicester.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

SIR,—We have been interested in the many letters and reviews on "The Loom of Youth." The correspondence seems chiefly to be either by masters or by old public-school boys, but we have seen none by present scholars. Perhaps the reason for this may be shyness in expressing their opinions, or even lack of interest in the subject, and, perhaps rightly, masters have discouraged the reading of such books. Yet surely the people who know most of the inside of our public schools are the boys themselves.

We have personal knowledge of several public schools since 1914, and we are ourselves still public-school boys. We are sure that "The Loom" is not a description of a temporarily bad house in a temporarily bad school. It is a description of many houses in many schools to-day.

The numerous articles on the book by schoolmasters convince us that they have forgotten their schooldays, or that schools have changed since they were boys. Their opinions of public schools have amazed us, and we consider that they have not defended themselves effectively.

The moral tone of "Fernhurst" is no worse than the moral tone of every public school that we know. Of course, some boys are not impure, and every school has its "budding Balliol scholars" who do work honestly, but the morals of the average fellows are well described in the "Loom of Youth."

"Eric; or Little by Little," "The Hill," and other books of that type may be descriptions of public schools twenty years ago, but "Sinister Street," "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill," and "The Loom of Youth" are far more accurate descriptions of schools of to-day.—Yours, &c.,

THREE PUBLIC-SCHOOL BOYS.

July 10th, 1918.

ARE BOOKS "LUXURIES?"

SIR,—The Luxury Tax Committee, with a courtesy we are glad to acknowledge, has lately received deputations of the bodies we represent. The details of such interviews are confidential, but their main result is a matter of public and immediate concern. They have shown that the Committee proposes to recommend the imposition of a "luxury tax" on books. We trust that this proposal will be withdrawn, but if it is adopted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer as a part of his scheme, it should be met, we feel, with resolute opposition.

The public has reason to know how considerable an increase in the price of books has been enforced already by the paper-shortage and other war conditions. We need not dwell upon the point, nor upon the ineptitude of attempts to discriminate between "educational" and "other" books,—a method which would tax the Poems of William Wordsworth and leave the Greek Grammar of Christopher Wordsworth tax-free. In the truest sense, every good book is educational. In the truest sense, very few books are luxuries. A collector's rarities and editions avowedly *de luxe* are exceptions. Their aggregate sale, however, is so small that the revenue to be derived from a tax upon them would be negligible.

On the other hand, the boon of general literature to-day, alike to our men on active service, our wounded in hospitals, and our people feeling the strain of war at home, is incalculable. Books are the direct source of instruction, solace, wisdom, recreation. They are the antidote to the materialism we are fighting to overthrow. It was an ironic coincidence which caused the House of Commons downstairs to be at work upon an Education Bill involving (justifiably enough) millions at the very moment when a Select Committee upstairs were planning an embargo upon the chief means of general education.

We realize the need of raising money and the immense difficulties which confront the Committee. Yet we submit that the relatively trivial amount to be secured by a tax on books would ill compensate for the injury done to national life, and that a tax on books is as wrong in principle as a tax on bread.—Yours, &c.,

ANTHONY C. DEANE,
Chairman, the Incorporated Society of Authors.

W. M. MEREDITH,
President, the Publishers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland.

FRANK HANSON,
Chairman of the Association Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland, London Branch.
10, Orange Street, Leicester Square, W.C.

PROPAGANDA BY PICTURE.

SIR,—I hope you will be bombarded with letters from women of all classes thanking you and M. Bodkin for protesting against the unchristian advertisement which pretends to pledge all British women to cherish the remembrance of an act of cruelty. We protest against German hymns of hate—how is this

picture of hate one whit better? Can no step be taken to purify our walls of this unseemly sight?—Yours, &c.,
AGNES FRY.

Failand Ho, near Bristol.

THE EDUCATION OF PRISONERS.

SIR,—Our prisoners of war in Germany are not slow to express their gratitude for the constant stream of books sent across to them from the home country.

We learn also with pleasure that, in some at least of the camps in Germany, the libraries have been increased by gifts from German sources, especially on the educational and scientific side. For example, books are lent to prisoners by the University libraries of Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden and Munster. The same thing is happening in England, for the libraries of the camps for both military and civilian prisoners have been stocked largely by books collected in this country.

These efforts on the two sides of the water are in some instances closely related. We have seen, for example, a message sent for distribution in Germany from one of our internment camps, asking friends and relations to collect books in English for British prisoners, in acknowledgment of the similar help given on this side. Again, some prisoners, repatriated to Germany, have written expressing their intention of doing all that they can to help our men over there.

In view of the increasing difficulty of obtaining books privately, we should now like to widen the appeal for assistance in this matter, and therefore ask any of your readers who have German books they can spare for camps in England, especially educational books and light literature, to send a list of them (not the books themselves) to us:—Friends' Emergency Committee, 27, Chancery Lane, W.C. 2.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH RICHARDSON.
W. R. HUGHES.

9th July, 1918.

"TURNING THEIR CAPTIVITY."

SIR,—The following further donations have been received by the British Prisoners of War Book Scheme [Educational] in response to the recent appeal in THE NATION:—

	£	s.	d.
Already acknowledged	56	4	0
Cowling, Mrs., Ilkley	5	0	0
Fallows, J. A., Esq., M.A., Bournemouth	10	0	0
L. S. W.	1	0	0
Mayer, Robert, Esq., Middlesex Regiment	1	1	0
Rafferty, F. W., Esq., Hampstead	1	1	0
Repton School, per D. C. Somerville, Esq., M.A.	5	0	0
Hawkins, G., Esq., Wilton Crescent, S.W.	2	2	0
Mayer, Robert, Esq., North Weald	1	1	0
Newbiggin, E. R., Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne	2	2	0
Robinson, Mrs., Sneyd Park, Bristol	2	2	0
Rafferty, F. W., Esq., Hampstead	1	1	0
L. S. W., Dublin	1	0	0
	£83	14	0

Remittances should be made payable to the Chairman and Hon. Director, Sir Alfred T. Davies, K.B.E., C.B., and forwarded to him at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, S.W. 7, or c/o The EDITOR OF THE NATION.

Poetry.

ECLIPSE.

ALL these things:

The hum of gnats in the thorn,
The wild bee's hymn,
The tongues of the oak sighing.

And sainfoin lying on the old pasture like a Paisley shawl,
The caterpillar cocoon like a purse of wax on the briar,
The crown of the forest flowing like slow sea,
The mute triumphant languor of the grass.

I lie in a nook of bloom,
In the shadowed interval between turf and tree—
For the swart sky is all one arch of brass
Upon a ridge of granite.

And a lark is speaking to close heaven—
Not of God and his judgments,
Yielding no victory, taking no passionate blame—
Nor of the rack of the world,
Nor of love whose anguish is far deeper than its boon,
But he speaks only
Of honeyed hills and places of green peace.

Then, O then
Smoke of shot in the glade,
The stricken dove!

A. COPPARD.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "A Study of Calvin, and other Papers." By Allan Menzies; with a Memoir by his Daughter. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)
 "Nationality and Government." By Alfred E. Zimmern. (Chatto & Windus. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Soul of Denmark." By Shaw Desmond. (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Gentlemen at Arms." War Stories. By "Centurion." (Heinemann. 6s. net.)
 "The Laws of Chance." A Novel. By F. E. Mills Young. (Lane. 6s. net.)

* * *

I WAS looking in a hurry for something to read. One magazine on the bookstall told me it was the very thing for a railway journey. It had a picture of a large gun to make its cover attractive. The next advertised its claims in another way. A flapper was the decorative feature of its wrapper; and you could not imagine eyes and a smile more likely to make a man feel holier than Bernard of Cluny till your gaze wandered to the face of the flapper smirking from the magazine beyond. Is it possible that nobody reads current English literature, as the magazines give it, except the sort of men who collect stamps and eat green gooseberries? It seems like it. One wonders what the editors of those magazines read when they are on a railway journey. Do they study each other's brain travail? Does the face of the flapper on the cover of "Idle Tosh" attract the envious regard of the editor of "Footler's"? For it would be enlightening to know whether this sort of thing is done on purpose, like glass beads for niggers, or whether it is the gift of heaven, natural and unconscious, like chickweed.

* * *

IT would be interesting to discover which it is. The matter is of considerable importance, because either the producers or the readers are in a bad way; and it would be terrible to suppose it is the readers, for probably there are more readers than editors, and so less chance of a cure. I do not want to believe it is the readers. It is nicer to suppose those poor people must put up with what they can get in a hurry ten minutes before the train starts, only to find, as they might have guessed, that there is only vacuity behind the smirk of a flapper with a face like that. They are forced to stuff their literature behind them, so that ownership of it shall not openly shame them before their fellow-passengers. Such is the economy with which we handle a paper shortage.

* * *

I DON'T know whether your experience is like mine, but with few exceptions, the piles of English magazines and reviews can be dismissed in seconds. The exceptions usually are not out yet, or you have seen them. It used not to be so, and that is what makes me think it is the producers, and not the readers, who want skilled attention. Turn back to the magazines of twenty or thirty years ago, and compare them with what is thought good enough for us. I was looking through such a magazine recently, and found a poem by Swinburne, a prose-romance by William Morris, and much else of a quality you would no more think of looking for in a current magazine than for palm trees in White-chapel. It is different in America; in spite of gross business instincts, or because of them, they do turn out magazines which are good to look at, and very often good to read; for American editors think nothing of paying a sum for a short story which, to mention to a London editor, would make him feel as if something had snapped in his head. He wouldn't understand. The consequence is the best English writers send their wares first to the American market, where it is better displayed, and gets a better price. We are left with what you find at any time when, like me, you have three

hours' journey in front of you, and have come away without a book. We have to go without.

* * *

OF all the periodicals which reach the British Front, the two for which there is most competition in any officers' mess are "La Vie Parisienne" and New York "Life." If "Punch" and "Life" arrived together, then the first to be grabbed at would be . . . Which? Yes. In this case the man who laughs best is he who laughs first. The saucy periodical from Paris is universal on our front. The work of its artists decorates every dug-out. I should say almost every mess subscribes for it. It is true it is usual to account for this as being naughty chance. Youth has been separated from the sober influence of its English home, is away from the mild, tranquil, and golden light of Oxford Street femininity; and is given to death; and therefore snatches in abandon at amusement which otherwise would not amuse. Don't believe it. "La Vie Parisienne," it is true, is certainly not a paper for the English family. I should be embarrassed if my respected aunts found it on my table, pointed to its drawings, and asked me what I saw in them. All the same, what makes it popular with young Englishmen in France is not merely the audacity of its abbreviated nighties, for there are English prints which specialize in those in a more leering way, and they are certainly not widely popular, like the French print. But "La Vie" is produced by the capable. It is not a heavy batch of stupid or snobbish photographs. It does not leer. There is nothing vulgar and furtive about it. It is the entirely frank expression of artists whose humour is too broad for the general; but, as a rule, there is no doubt at all about the fine quality of their drawings, and the deftness of their wit. And that is what makes the French print so liked by our men.

* * *

NEW YORK "Life" is proof of that, it seems to me. The American periodical is very popular in France, and the demand for it has now reached London. The chemisette is not its oriflamme. It properly recognizes much else in life. But its usual survey of the world's affairs has a merry expansiveness which would make the editorial mind common to London as giddy as grandma in an aeroplane. It is not done in a back-yard of ideas. It is not darkened and circumscribed by the dusty notions of the clubs. It does not draw poor people as sub-species of the human. It does not recognize class distinctions at all, except for comic purposes. It is brighter, better-informed, bolder, and more humane than anything on this side, and our men in France find its spirit in accord with theirs. One of the results of the war will be that they will want something like it when they come back, though I don't see how they are to get it, unless it is imported; or unless they clear out to a country where to feel that way about things is normal and not peculiar.

* * *

I REMEMBER on one occasion G. B. S. gave an address at the National Liberal Club. There was a debate afterwards. I don't believe a single London newspaper reported it, though one would have thought any journalist ought to have spotted the possibility of liveliness in an address by G. B. S. in such a place on the need to equalize incomes—the same for a dustman as a Prime Minister. I mean it was certain to provide excellent reading matter on the cheap. Yet, no; none of them saw it, though editorial attention was drawn to it at the time in one office, to my knowledge. It was left to an enterprising American monthly magazine to report verbatim and to illustrate the affair, including the debate at the end. That magazine, the "Metropolitan," sold out on the strength of that one feature. But then that magazine has a reputation for using nothing but the best, and has a gigantic sale, which even reaches this side, in consequence. If a magazine like it, as well produced, as well written and as well illustrated, and edited in the same enterprising way, were to be produced here, it would soon shock the advertising revenue of some of our popular magazines into an appreciation of a change of climate; for even editors may have to learn some lessons from the war.

H. M. T.

Reviews.

MRS. MEYNELL ARGUES.

'Hearts of Controversy.' By ALICE MEYNELL. (Burns & Oates. 5s. net.)

MRS. MEYNELL opens her book of critical essays with a few sentences in which she seems to disparage the office of the critic. "Exposition, interpretation, by themselves are not necessary," she declares; "but for controversy there is cause." It is difficult to see the point in thus limiting the field of criticism to controversy. One might as reasonably attempt to confine poetry or religion to controversy. Criticism is at once a communication of beauty, an adventure after truth, a sifting of gold-dust. Its function is to hold the mirror up both to art and to nature. If it turns to controversy, it is only by accident. Criticism is a strange mixture of philosophy, biography, definition, measurement, and self-expression. It would perform a service to the human intellect, even if the last contradictory man or woman had been banished to another star.

Certainly, it is not the arguments in "Hearts of Controversy" that give the work its chief value as a book of criticism. We enjoy Mrs. Meynell's essays first and foremost because she hands on her noble pleasures to us, and, secondly, because she separates good from evil in literature with so cunning a pen. We also enjoy them as the self-expression of a fine writer, and we do not enjoy them the less because we are in complete opposition to some of Mrs. Meynell's tastes. There are enough inspired sentences in them to counterbalance a score of errors and eccentricities of judgment. How excellent is her appreciation of Dickens and her defence of the language in which he wrote, with the whole truth about it crowded into a sentence:—

"Yet, with a thousand great felicities of diction Dickens had no *body* of style."

Practically everything that can be said either for or against Dickens's style has been packed into those fourteen words. We have never been able to understand how any one reading the opening of "Great Expectations" or the first quarter of "David Copperfield," could deny the existence of amazing "quality" in Dickens's writing. At the same time, one cannot safely count him among the stylists as one can count Swift and Sterne and Thackeray. Mrs. Meynell declares that "his grammar is not only good, but strong; it is far better in construction than Thackeray's," and that she knows of "but two words that Dickens habitually misuses." But, even so, his use of words lacked some personal and radiant quality that Thackeray's possessed. Dickens expressed his genius in the manner of his age more than Thackeray did. He was founded on the great eighteenth-century writers—on Fielding and Smollett—but his words carry no freights but of humour and wit and terror. He took little pleasure in words for their own sake. Had he taken more, a man of his immense creativeness and vitality would probably have been a great poet. But in wit and humour what prose writer has used language more happily? How perfect is the portraiture in the sentence quoted by Mrs. Meynell: "Miss Murdstone, who was busy at her writing-desk, gave me her cold finger-nails." And, as for his wit, as Mrs. Meynell says, "that writer is a wit, whatever his humour, who tells us of a member of the Tite Barnacle family who had held a sinecure office against all protest, that he died with his drawn salary in his hand." Mrs. Meynell, in her appreciation of Dickens as a writer, goes so far as to acclaim him as a satirist of pretentious Victorian speech. She writes:—

A little representative collection of the bad or foolish English of his day might be made by gathering up what Dickens forbore and what he derided; for instance, Mr. Micawber's portly phrase, "gratifying emotions of no common description," and Littimer's report that "the young woman was partial to the sea."

However one may disagree with Mrs. Meynell's theory as to the place of criticism in controversy, one cannot help being pleased that she felt called upon to rise in defence of the style of a writer who has more often been accused of stylelessness than any other English author of equal stature. Her statement of the facts, however, would have been

equally admirable, even had the detractors of Dickens not been misled into such exaggerations on the other side.

Mrs. Meynell's defence of Tennyson is hardly so persuasive. But she undoubtedly sets out from a point where all good definitions of Tennyson's genius may be said to meet. Tennyson, she declares, "had both a style and a manner: a masterly style, a magical style, a too dainty manner, nearly a trick; a noble landscape and in it figures something ready-made." We have the style and the manner, she adds, "locked together at times in a single sentence, locked and yet not mingled," so that he "speeds his carpet knight . . . upon a carpet of authentic wild-flowers; pushes his lovers, in costume, from off blossoming shores on the keels of old romance." That is wittily said. And when one remembers "Ulysses" and "A splendour falls," one does not feel like grudging Tennyson praise so finely measured as this. At the same time, one is compelled to question Mrs. Meynell's judgment of Tennyson as a great poet of nature. She certainly does not quote any verse from him that would suggest that his imagination responded to nature with that supreme ecstasy we find in Wordsworth's "Daffodils" and in Shelley's "Cloud." His imagery—but Mrs. Meynell does not praise him for his imagery. She writes:—

We are apt to judge a poet too exclusively by his imagery. Tennyson is hardly a great master of imagery. He sees the thing with so luminous a mind's eye that it is sufficient to him; he needs not to see it more beautifully by a similitude. "A clear-walled city" is enough; "meadows" are enough—indeed Tennyson reigns for ever over all meadows; "the happy birds that change their sky"; "Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night"; "Twilight and evening bell"; "the stillness of the central sea"; "that friend of mine who lives in God"; "the solitary morning"; "Four grey walls and four grey towers"; "Watched by weeping queens"; these are enough, illustrious, and needing not illustration.

We are ready to admit that good poetry has been written which is lacking in imagery—Mr. Bridges' "Idle Flowers" is an example that occurs to us—but it is not poetry of the first order. Imagination and the use of imagery go together. The matter may be tested in Shakespeare or Milton or Shelley. Here and there, we confess, Tennyson did guide us into a landscape of splendid beauty, as in the two lines referred to by Mrs. Meynell, when she writes:—

It is no dishonor to Tennyson, for it is a dishonor to our education to disparage a poet who wrote but the two—had he written no more of their kind—lines of "The Passing of Arthur," of which, before I quote them, I will permit myself the personal remembrance of a great contemporary author's opinion. Mr. Meredith, speaking to me of the high-water mark of English style in poetry and prose, cited those lines as topmost in poetry:—

On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Meredith, in our opinion, exaggerated; but there is sufficient magic in the lines to justify some exaggeration. It does not, however, justify Mrs. Meynell's glorification of Tennyson as "the poet of landscape," or her assertion that "Tennyson, the clearest-headed of our poets, is our wild poet." We part from her long before she has reached her wild conclusion: "Wild flowers are his—great poet—wild winds, wild lights, wild heart, wild eyes!"

Like the essay on Tennyson, the criticism of Swinburne has many brilliant gleams of wisdom. How well it is written that:—

"I believe that Swinburne's thoughts have their source, their home, their origin, their authority and mission in those two places—his own vocabulary and the passion of other men."

How excellently, too, is it said:—

"He is urgent with his booty of words, for he has no other treasure."

And, again:—

"The poet, who is conspicuously the poet of excess, is in deeper truth the poet of penury and defect."

At the same time, one withdraws hurriedly from one's agreement with Mrs. Meynell when she praises Swinburne's blank verse above the running music of—

"When the hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces."

We can understand a critic who does not care for Swinburne's poetry at all. But we cannot understand a critic who, liking some of Swinburne's work, finds the music of the great chorus in "Atalanta" "too obvious, insistent,

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"PELMANISM" ITS PLACE IN EDUCATION

By THOMAS PELLATT, M.A.

First Class in the Honour School of Modern History, Oxford University; Sometime Professor of History and Literature at the Royal College, Lahore, India; and, later, Assistant Master at Marlborough College. Author of "Public Schools and Public Opinion," "Public School Education and the War," etc., etc. Present Headmaster of Durnford Preparatory School.

THE somewhat intricate reasons why certain schemes in education appear in this country and at once disappear, whilst others with equal rapidity become incorporated in the national life, might furnish material for an extremely interesting chapter in our social history. Why do we as a nation reject with such prompt decision one educational idea and fasten with such pertinacity upon another?

To illustrate this perplexing question, let us imagine a man who had been suffering a term of imprisonment walking down the street upon the first day of his release and saying, "Who is that strange-looking lad over there in that great hat and gaudy scarf?" "A Boy Scout," is the answer. "And what is a Boy Scout?" replies the gentleman from Portland. The question raises a laugh, and someone retorts, "What is a Boy Scout! What is a poached egg? What is the Bank of England?"

So it is with the Pelman System of mind and memory training. Nobody now asks, "What is Pelmanism?" This system has become so universally noised abroad that there is literally not one man in a hundred thousand who is ignorant of its general purpose.

"Quite so," replies the sceptic and the "crabber," "because very large sums of money have been spent in advertising it." Ah, my friend; but here you are hoist with your own petard, for where did that money come from? Did some benevolent millionaire present the founders of the Pelman System with a thousand pounds a minute for propaganda purposes? I think you will find that such was not the case; the money spent in publishing the announcements of the Pelman System has, I suspect, come in a perfectly ordinary, unromantic way—*i.e.*, through the System itself. It has come from those ever-increasing and now countless multitudes of people who, having tried the System, have insisted upon others trying it.

It is no exaggeration to say that the contagion for this System of mind and memory training has spread like wild-fire.

I have spent my whole life in trying to train the minds, memories and characters of boys, and it was perfectly natural, therefore, that my curiosity should be roused by this very remarkable circumstance—so remarkable as to be quite unique in the history of English education during the last hundred years. My desire, indeed, to find out why the Pelman System had met with such extraordinary success gradually became a sort of obsession.

Now, from many a talk with my old boys I know; and the reasons are perfectly simple; but before I attempt to state them, as briefly as I can, let me say this: The founders and managers of the Pelman System have no personal knowledge of my existence, nor do I know anything of theirs; and I may also, I think, in all humbleness of spirit, claim that my position in the world of education is sufficiently recognised for the following statements, which I here set down, to be accepted without hesitation, *viz.* :—

- (1) I am writing these notes on the Pelman System quite voluntarily: in other words, I have not been "commissioned" to write.
- (2) I am writing because I believe that every man or woman who takes this Pelman Course will be driving one more nail into the coffin of German aggression. In other words, I believe that our ability to stand up against Germany after the war will be largely a question of our efficiency in education, and that the Pelman System is an enormous help to the nation in this direction.
- (3) I am writing because I believe that schoolmasters—men, that is, of my own profession—would do well, as a body, to find out what the main principles which underlie Pelmanism are, and to incorporate them in their scholastic schemes far

more systematically than they are at present incorporated.

I have always felt that one very conspicuous side of our genius as a nation lies in our capacity for taking up "privately," as it were—that is, apart from any State help or direction—such schemes for the betterment of society as give an easy proof of their soundness to the average man or woman.

This was the case with the Boy Scout movement. Its rapid spread was due to the fact that when Brown's boy became a Boy Scout, and Brown saw that it did the boy good, he told Jones to get his boy to be a Boy Scout. The same may be said of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. It was started from a mere nothing and rapidly became a mighty power in the land, and thence all over the world, because the ordinary average man knew, in his heart, that it was a sound scheme.

So it is with Pelmanism. IT IS SOUND, and its rapid and enormous success cheers me up as much as anything that has happened during the war, because it means that there must still be a vast number of sound, sensible people left in the country; otherwise this System would not have appealed to the nation as it has appealed to it.

The visionary, the faddist, the axe-grinder, the "high-browed" idealist, whose schemes are too "precious" for the average man: such folk have no part or lot in this matter, because Pelmanism is (1) constructive, (2) practical, and (3), above all, within the compass of every single individual who takes it up.

How can this last statement be true? The answer is simple. Pelmanism is based upon those great and eternal principles which underlie the art of all genuine education, and which are just as permanent as the principles which underlie the art of painting, or of architecture, or of any other art.

The System, therefore, being built upon a rock foundation, is not of the nature of a quack medicine, and needs no quack device to recommend it; it makes no claim whatever to transform human nature; to change the cart-horse into the race-horse, or so to metamorphose the elephant that he will "amble nimbly in a lady's chamber to the lascivious pleasing of a lute"; but it does claim this: Success for all who follow the directions given; success in the sense that, after they have been through the course, they will find themselves "re-born," as it were, with aims, objects, possibilities—*nay, certainties*—in front of them, such as they never dreamed of before.

And this claim is verified by the verdict of thousands and thousands of people who have proved its truth. That is why I call the Pelman System *sound*.

And the nation, being as a whole sound, a sound system appeals to it.

Taine, in his History of English Literature, makes the following fine observation upon the character of the English people:—

"The scum floats upon the top, the slime clings to the bottom: but, between the two, the great healthy national stream of English life is always running."

I quote from memory; but this is the gist of his statement, and the war has almost invested it with the dignity of a prophecy.

It is to this noble and splendid river that the founders of Pelmanism appeal.

Do they propound a theory? Nay; rather they preach a gospel. Whoever has devised the course has discovered, with the eye of genius, the weak spots in our national schemes of education.

If you climb on to the hill-top, and take a bird's-eye

view of our English education, thus attempting to range in their due perspective the board school, the so-called "grammar" school, the great public school, and so on, what do you find? Great keenness, much unceasing toil, noble lives devoted to a noble task; but these inspiring land-marks are intersected by huge bogs and quagmires of blatant humbug, of ludicrous self-deception, of heart-broken despair.

And over all these broods the dismal presage of a State control, gradually developing itself up to a point whence that inherent individualism, that self-born initiative, that "natural spin," which have done more than anything else to pull us thus far through the war, can find no "jumping-off" ground whatsoever.

When one thinks of these things one clutches at a System like Pelmanism as a drowning man clutches at a straw.

Because an over-centralised, an over-bureaucratised, system of national education is the result of the ignorance and lethargy of the masses—i.e., the majority—who would never for a moment tolerate the destruction of individualism in education if they understood the real principles which underlie all genuine schemes for training the mind.

And Pelmanism offers people exactly this knowledge.

I do not wish for a moment to imply that our State education has not accomplished great things in certain directions. But, whatever else a Government Department can do, it cannot establish a creed, it cannot create an enthusiasm, it cannot preach a gospel. The Crusades, for instance, could never have emanated from the portfolio of some bureaucratic conclave.

And Pelmanism is a crusade—a crusade against ignorance, against inertia, against "cheap finish," against despair—against all those destructive forces in education which sap the roots of a nation's vitality.

What, then, are its watchwords?

(1) FAITH, first of all. Faith in what this System will do for you, and a conviction from the start that, if you carry out the instructions, you will reach the goal.

(2) STEADFASTNESS. Pelmanism is not a complete System of education; it is a scheme of mental training which can be followed by busy men and women in their spare moments, and will bring results out of all proportion to the time devoted to it. *But you must be steadfast.* You must stick to it and refuse to admit, for one single instant, the possibility of defeat.

(3) CONQUEST OF DIFFICULTIES THROUGH WILL POWER. The value of the training lies in the fact that it not only creates and fosters will power, but at the same time "massages" the muscles of the mind till they become sufficiently supple to obey that will power—i.e., to answer to the helm—and so the student becomes capable of grappling with difficulties which before he took the course he considered quite insurmountable.

(4) THE DEVELOPMENT OF CONCENTRATION THROUGH FACING THAT WHICH IS, AT FIRST, DIFFICULT. Here lies the genius of the System. The founders of Pelmanism have put their fingers right on the very spot in a certain passage in their books, the gist of which I venture to quote from memory, since I have had the passage repeated to me so often by one of my old boys who was engrossed in the System. It runs as follows:—

"A frequent obstacle to concentration is an unrestrained emotionalism. It may be due to the ever-increasing pressure of modern life that, throughout the world, there seems to be a tendency to throw off self-restraint and to give way to impulse. This tendency is fostered in the schools of to-day, where each lesson is much shorter than was the case a century ago, while every effort is also made to render the subject of instruction as pleasant as possible to the student. *It is clear that this Must Operate Prejudicially to Concentration*, for the youthful mind is not trained, as it formerly was, to devote its continued attention to matters not inherently pleasing to it. *As a Natural Result the Emotions of Pleasure or Dislike are constantly being emphasised.*"

Why do I quote this passage? Is it new? Certainly not. With good education it is even as with good wine: that which is new is never the best, even though it may ultimately become so. So it is with good literature; with good poetry—you will find, for instance, something very like Keats's "beaded bubbles winking at the brim" in Euripides—but though they are not new, these words I have quoted from one of the lessons of the Pelman Course show true genius on the part of the writer, and for this reason:

The Pelman System sets out to make an universal appeal. At all costs, such a scheme as this must be "popular" in the true, just, and best meaning of the word. *And therefore does the man who writes these plain, simple words I have quoted tell the great English public the truth.*

And the English nation loves the truth; it will follow it and act upon it whenever it is not prevented from so doing by one of the thousand destructive maladies with which it is afflicted, by its natural *mauvaise honte*, for instance, by the corrupting influence of party politics, by the machinations of a few powerful cliques, who can render the genuine voice of labour just as inarticulate as that of the "righteous few."

Here then, I say, do we read from the book of Pelmanism *the Truth*. The great enemy of success in life is lack of concentration; and lack of concentration is deliberately increased and fostered by the vast majority who write upon these matters at the present time, and who think to play to the gallery and win the plaudits of the mob by saying: "You will learn 'naturally' if only your teacher knows how to 'interest' you"; thus spreading the insidious and paralysing doctrine that your ignorance is due to your teacher, and not to some lack of will power to create the necessary habits of application from within yourself.

The genius of Pelmanism lies, I say, first of all in thus putting you upon the right terms with yourself. It does not humbug you, and it won't let you humbug yourself.

For Pelmanism is the sworn foe of faddism; and for this alone every one of us should give it a hearty cheer, and wish it God-speed, because the faddists in our English education now swarm down upon us in flocks that darken the sky and shut out the light. The latest method of teaching a child the piano, for instance, is to exclude that instrument itself altogether from your system. No piano. I assure you—that would ruin all. You pass the pupil through a warm "spray" bath of Paderewski soap-suds, then shut him in a dark room and sound a particular chord upon the double bass; you then ask the pupil what colour he sees, and until he sees green when you sound the chord you must persevere.

No man who had taken the Pelman Course would ever be caught by this sort of thing; nor would he encourage it in those who are in charge of our education.

There are at the present moment one or two Public School headmasters who, under the name of "experiment," have deliberately sold their birthright over this business, by standing forth as the apostles of the faddists, and thus purposely destroying the standard which had previously been maintained in their schools. I should like to make these gentlemen write out this passage I have quoted from the Pelman System, every day after breakfast, for the rest of their lives.

For whosoever has devised the Pelman System knows that to improve our powers we must climb the Hill of Difficulty; and the genius of the Pelman System lies in this, that it not only bids you, but ENABLES you to climb; not with the toilsome step, the grumbled mutterings, the sullen despair of the Portland convict, or the plantation slave, but with the gay heart, the brave cheer, the swinging stride of the soldier who presses onward and upward to the glorious rattle of the victors' drum. There at the summit flies the flag of triumph. You can grasp it—every one of you by taking the Pelman Course.

The address of the Pelman Institute is 97, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1, whence all particulars of the System may be obtained upon application.

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emphatic." We do not, she protests, find these anapests in the Elizabethans. Would it not be as wise to disparage the sonnet on the ground that the form was not known to the Greeks? Mrs. Meynell actually offers us as an exquisite improvement on the music of "The Hounds of Spring" the following lines from "Vision of Spring in Winter":—

"Sunrise it sees not, neither set of star,
Large nightfall, nor imperial plenilune,
Nor strong sweet shape of the full-breasted noon;
But where the silver-sandalled shadows are,
Too soft for arrows of the sun to mar,
Moves with the mild gait of an ungrown moon."

To us those lines seem to have the Swinburne manner without the Swinburne genius. His name would hardly be worth remembering had he written nothing better than that. Mrs. Meynell's small list of essays, however, contains so many fine sentences of insight that one is delighted to have them collected into a book. But, as she herself says, "for controversy there is cause." We agree with many of her judgments in general, but we are forced into argument when she comes to apply them in detail.

"MY SON CARTWRIGHT."

"The Life and Poems of William Cartwright." Edited by R. CULLIS GOFFIN. (Cambridge University Press. 6s. 6d. net.)

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT, an elegant minor poet, and one who was to the Caroleans what Tennyson was to the Victorians, is as good an index to the transitional period between poetry and verse as any in the century. What Mr. Shaw used to say about Brixton, the literary *alumni* of the seventeenth century used to say about Cartwright. Dr. Fell knew full well that he was "the utmost man can come to." The judicious Antony Wood says:—"That which is most remarkable is, that these his high parts and abilities were accompanied with so much sweetness and candor, that they made him equally beloved and admired by all persons, especially those of the gown and court; who esteemed also his life a fair copy of practised piety, a rare example of heroic worth, and in whom arts, learning, and language made up the true complement of perfection." He was acclaimed "a most florid and seraphical preacher" in the University, and the King wore mourning on the day of his funeral, remarking that "since the Muses had mourned so much for the loss of such a son, it would be a shame for him not to appear in mourning for the loss of such a subject." That exquisite Court musician, Henry Lawes, to whom we owe some delicate airs, put many of the songs (which are but indifferent pretty) in his plays to music, and in the solitary posthumous edition of his collected works, in 1651 (Cartwright followed the contemporary fashion of circulating his poems in manuscript), there were more than fifty dedicatory addresses in verse. Cartwright accepted the universal literary homage with the courtly ease of a man who was neither surprised, elated, displeased, nor flattered by it. It was his due.

The biography of a poet who was more of a convention than a man ("my son Cartwright writes like a man," is one of the less happy criticisms of the penetrating Ben) is, as it should be, a catalogue of appointments. He was from Gloucestershire, of good family, and educated at Westminster. A brilliant classic scholar, he took his B.A. at Christ Church in 1632 (he was twenty-one), and was carried off, when Proctor of his college, and in his thirty-second year, by "a callenture, being a burning fever." There he stands, *tatus teres atque rotundus*, a firm Royalist, a witty, but not acid, contemner of the Puritans, a vivacious Churchman (in the most cultured and speculative days of the Anglican Church—some of Donne's marvellous sermons would give an average modern Bishop a fit), a smooth, gracious, subtle lecturer in the metaphysical style, an exhilarating scholar, who "made philosophy as melting as his plays," and a most agreeable personality in the days when Oxford was a kind of salon of the learned wits, and the Churchman, the poet and the courtier were of literary accomplishment all compact. There is indeed a melancholy charm in the picture of this gay and erudite society set precariously between the sombre disillusionment of the Jacobean poets, Webster, Ford, Donne,

and the Shakespeare of "Lear" and "Troilus and Cressida," and the eclipse of the Civil War; and presided over by a king, who, whatever his faults, appreciated the arts with a genuine reverence of which no subsequent English king, except his son, has ever had any conception.

With all respect to Mr. Goffin, Cartwright owes very little to his predecessors and contemporaries. He possesses nothing of the devil-may-care grace of Suckling and the Cavalier lyrists, still less of the poetic gravity of Herbert, the sensuous exaltation of Crashaw, and the clear, intense, white radiance of Vaughan. Cartwright's poetry was conditioned both in feeling and motive by the atmosphere and associations of his career. Mr. Goffin says he has "much in common" with Carew. But Cartwright has no affinities either with the mind or the senses of Carew. His poetic vision was recondite and his versification too stiff and angular for the greater poet's ambrosial melody and smoothness, and his individuality too weak for Carew's strong-winged, intellectual passion (as in the magnificent invocation to Donne). Donne, indeed, was an influence, but one feels, an influence of obligation rather than of sympathetic qualities of mind. Cartwright is at his nadir when he is imitating Donne. The elegy on "The Lady Newburgh, who dyed of the small-pox," for instance:—

"For her Disease, Blest Soul, was but the same
Which always reigneth in that upper Frame;
And hearing of her Fate, we boldly dare
Conclude that Stars, Sphears, thicker portions are,
Only some Angry Pimples which foretell
That which at length must fall now is not well."

Cartwright, with all his poetic amenities, was no mage, and his polite attentions to Donne result in an uncouthness of metaphysical phrase and allusive conceit, to which his master himself, having mind behind him, could never descend. Nor, again, does he owe much to Jonson, though professedly of the "tribe of Ben." He had nothing of Jonson's structural capacity, either in the drama or the lyric, nothing, indeed, resembling him at all, unless a labour of idiom can be said to match a labour of idea.

The truth is that, for Cartwright, the game of likeness happens to be particularly unprofitable. For it is difficult to outline him as an individual poet at all. That has nothing to do with his worth, or even his lack of positive imagination. Corbet, Randolph, Habington, Lovelace, "hearty, cheerful Mr. Cotton," and others of their kidney—they are all differentiated from one another; each one has his own seal of ability, idiosyncrasy, or character. But Cartwright has the more doubtful honour of being a poetic attitude rather than a poet. Partly because he was a "University Wit," and so merged into a diffused though confined tendency; partly because of his varied activities; partly because of his semi-official personality, and partly because the greater portion of his verse consists of addresses—occasional elegies, complimentary poems upon divers Court events, poetic criticisms (the well-known and admirable panegyrics to Fletcher and Ben Jonson, for instance, though, in our opinion, Cleveland on Ben carries off the prize), valedictory and congratulatory set pieces, and the like. Cartwright throughout was a charming fashion, a fashion that was the more fragrant because it was so fugitive—a mannerism rather than a man. It is indeed easy to be offhand with him. His cynicism was carefully theatrical, and displays none of that curious, but profound, preoccupation with death which informs so much "metaphysical" poetry. His plays were all second-hand and derivative—we agree with Mr. Saintsbury that "The Ordinary" has been much overrated. The love poems (as he himself indirectly acknowledges) are a market-place for sophisticated kisses, tutored protestations, "learned sighs," and "figured vows." Ingenuity in "invention" is so often allied with topical allusiveness, that the hasty modern verdict is soon frightened away. The frequently accentual beat of his lines makes for a harsh and monotonous scansion. As in Shakespeare's verse, one simile generates another, but, unfortunately, their movement is centrifugal. Cartwright, in short, was the mirror of a society, and content, even obliged, to reflect its externals, good and bad.

Yet there are from a dozen to a score of workmanlike poems, whose delicacy, fancy (the "matchless Oinda" called him "Prince of Phansie"), sprightliness, with here and there a plunge into the deeper waters of poetic gravity,

thoroughly entitle Cartwright to the excellent edition Mr. Goffin has given him:—

"A VALEDICTION.

"Bid me not go where neither Suns nor Show'rs
Do make or cherish Flow'rs—
Where discontented things in sadness lie,
And Nature grieves as I;
When I am parted from those eyes
From which my better day doth rise,
Though some propitious Pow'r
Should plant me in a Bow'r,
Where amongst happy Lovers I might see
How Showers and Sunbeams bring
One everlasting Spring,
Nor would those fall, nor these shine forth to me;
Nature herself to him is lost,
Who loseth her he honours most.
Then Fairest to my parting view display
Your Graces all in one full day;
Whose blessed shapes I'll snatch and keep, till when
I do return and view agen:
So by this Art Fancy shall Fortune cross;
And Lovers live by thinking on their loss."

A STANZA OF "FALSEHOOD."

"Still do the Stars impart their Light
To those that travell in the Night;
Still Time runs on, nor doth the Hand
Or Shadow on the Diall stand;
The streams still glide and constant are:
Only thy mind
Untrue I find,
Which carelessly
Neglects to be
Like Stream or Shadow, Land or Star."

It is, perhaps, as a fanciful, elegiac writer (particularly in such tender pieces as "To Chloe" and "On the Death of a Virtuous Young Gentlewoman") that Cartwright best finds himself.

WAR AND TREATIES.

"The Great European Treaties of the Nineteenth Century." Edited by Sir A. OAKES and R. B. MOWAT. (Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d.)

"Wars and Treaties, 1815 to 1914." By ARTHUR PONSONBY. M.P. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. net.)

STUDENTS of history and politics will be grateful to the compilers of these two volumes, which cover a good deal of common ground, but differ widely in character and aim. The larger work is a collection of documents with explanatory introductions, and is as rigidly impersonal as such a book should be. "The aim of the authors is to present an historical summary of the international position at the time of each treaty; to state the points at issue, and the contentions of the parties; and so to make readily accessible the materials on which international lawyers have to work." This programme has been carried out with skill and judgment, and the raging passions of war find no echo in these scholarly pages. Beginning with the Treaty of Vienna, by far the longest of the series, our compilers present their materials in a succession of chapters on Greek Independence, the creation of Belgium, Turkey and the Powers, Schleswig-Holstein, the union of Italy, the Austro-Prussian conflict, the Luxemburg Settlement of 1867, the Franco-German war, the Balkans, and the Triple Alliance. The Treaty of San Stefano is printed in an appendix, and students of the Near East will welcome the opportunity of comparing its provisions with those of the Berlin Congress by which they were superseded.

Readers may perhaps be surprised to discover that twenty-three pages are filled by the Constitution of the German Empire. A more relevant addendum is the Report of Conversations between the Belgian and British Military Authorities in 1906 and 1912, which were revealed to the world by Germany in the first autumn of the war. "The Conversations when first published," comment the Editors, "created considerable surprise; but as soon as the documents were seriously studied they were seen to constitute no departure from neutrality on the part of Belgium and no intention to violate that neutrality on the side of England or France. That the Belgian Government did not have conversations "all round" in 1906 was because they had reason to believe that no danger threatened them from France or England, but that serious danger threatened them from Germany." The position of Belgium differed juridically

from that of Luxemburg, not only because in the former case the guarantees were held to be individual, not collective, but also because Belgium was bound to defend her neutrality, while Luxemburg was forbidden to maintain any fortifications or military forces. A further revelation which we owe to the war, and which the Editors rightly include in their pages, is the portion of the treaty of 1903 by which Austria and Italy revised the arrangements concluded when the Triple Alliance was formed in 1882. The original treaty has never been published, though that concluded between Germany and Austria in 1879 was made known by Bismarck in 1888. Let us hope that by the time a second edition of this book is required that historic pact, and the no less momentous document which bound France to Russia, may have become known. The face of Europe has been so changed by the Russian revolution and the defection of Italy from the camp of Central Europe that there can be no further need to conceal the relations in which the Great Powers stood to one another in the days before the deluge. Indeed, if the Parliaments of Europe were fully alive to their duties they would insist on knowing what the Chancelleries have done in the name of the nations whom they profess to represent.

Mr. Ponsonby's little book is both less and more ambitious; for while, on the one hand, it merely offers brief summaries of the wars and treaties of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, it has, on the other, a definite gospel to preach. His object is to "dispel the strange but prevalent delusion that force of arms settles international disputes." Most wars, he believes, might have been avoided, and most of them have been concluded by the same bunglers who began them. "From the Treaty of Vienna to the Treaty of Bucharest the record of so-called settlements is not one to inspire confidence in the efficacy of warfare or in the methods of diplomacy." He is horrified by the contrast between the bravery of the soldiers and the folly of the rulers who drive them to the slaughter. "Cast your eye through these forty very brief records of wars. Think of the valor, the determination, and the heroism of the people, be they soldiers or civilians. Consider the noble part played by those who, without question, obeyed what they were led to believe was their country's call. And then look on the other side at the results—the ineptitude of the statesmen, the patched-up treaties, the worthless agreements, the wars that led to further wars, the failure to secure a settlement after the soldier had done his part, and the unnecessary prolongation of conflicts when agreement might have been reached by the exercise of a little wisdom and foresight." It is a gloomy picture; and it may occur to some readers that perhaps Mr. Ponsonby has not made sufficient allowance for the inherent difficulty of the tasks by which, in some cases, the diplomatists were confronted. He indicates his remedy in urging that future treaties should be settlements concluded in the light of day by men who are really representatives of the peoples concerned, and in sweeping away the network of secret engagements to which nations have been committed by cynical or blundering politicians. Both those who accept the principles of the preface and those who reject them will join in gratitude to the author for his clear and concise summaries of the cause, the occasion, the events, and the results of the big and little wars of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

PURE REASON AT KOENIGSBERG.

"A Commentary to Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason.'"

By NORMAN KEMP SMITH, D.Phil., McCosh Professor of Philosophy, Princeton University, Author of "Studies in the Cartesian Philosophy." (Macmillan. 21s. net.)

KANT passes habitually for the greatest of modern philosophers, except among the diminishing number who regard him as second to Hegel. The present reviewer belongs to a minority who do not place Kant on such an eminence: he would rank Descartes, Leibnitz, and Hume above him, and would regard the whole movement brought about by the Critical Philosophy as a mistaken one, from which speculation must return if real progress is to be made. But however Kant's purely intellectual merits may be decided, there can be no disputing the charm of character displayed in his writing—a charm derived from perfect sincerity, intense earnestness, and the utmost effort of thought at every



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moment. He is always puzzled, always genuinely seeking, never glib or perfunctory. As he appears in the "Critique of Pure Reason," he presents the spectacle of a struggle between early habits of mind and recent doubts, both very tenacious, causing together an inward confusion and tension which compelled him to burrow more and more into deep and difficult thoughts until, in the resulting darkness, he could no longer see that no real reconciliation had been effected. He believed that Hume had awakened him from his dogmatic slumbers, but, in fact, Hume only produced that partial awakening which shows itself in nightmare.

Kant's philosophy cannot be understood unless we take account of his intense conservatism, and of the naive simplicity that characterized him in his unprofessional moments. The religion and morality which he had been taught in infancy were sacred to him; the morality was the most certain thing in the world, the religion needed at most a slight adjustment. The Leibnitz-Wolfian philosophy, which he had learnt in youth, was not indeed so sacred as what he had learnt in infancy; he did succeed in throwing it off to a great extent. But the difficulty he had in throwing it off is shown in the "Transcendental Dialectic," where he represents it as the natural and all but inevitable belief of the human race. The turgid quality and the apparent profundity of his thought are due to the instinctive resistance which he offered to Hume's scepticism; too conservative to accept the sceptical position, he was too honest to reject it, except for reasons so complicated and confused that he could not see them to be fallacious. Such, at least, his philosophy appears to a sceptic.

Professor Norman Smith's work is admirably done. He is an affectionate but not indiscriminating admirer of Kant's work, a very careful student, not only of Kant, but of his predecessors.* His "Studies in the Cartesian Philosophy" would have predisposed us in his favor, but the present volume more than justifies our expectations. Kant's inconsistencies are recognized, and the various stages of his thought are exposed to view. One is almost reminded of the higher criticism of the Pentateuch:—

"The publication of Kant's 'Reflexionen und Lose Blätter,' and the devoted labors of Benno Erdmann, Vaihinger, Adickes, Reicke, and others, have, indeed, placed the issue upon an entirely new plane. It can now be proved that the 'Critique' is not a unitary work, and that in the five months in which, as Kant tells us, it was 'brought to completion' (*zu Stande gebracht*), it was not actually written, but was pieced together by the combination of manuscripts written at various dates throughout the period 1772-1780" (p. xx.).

The "Critique," we are told, "was more or less mechanically constructed through the piecing together of older manuscript. . . . Kant, it would almost seem, objected to nothing so much as the sacrifice of an argument once consecrated by committal to paper. . . . Thus the 'Subjective and Objective Deductions' of the first edition can be broken up, as we shall find, into at least four distinct layers, which, like geological strata, remain to the bewilderment of the reader" (p. xxi). The contradictory character which Professor Norman Smith recognizes in Kant's work is attributable to this manner of composition, but also, as he justly observes, to "Kant's supreme merit as a philosophical thinker . . . his open-minded recognition of the complexity of his problems." A candid philosopher should acknowledge that he is not very likely to have arrived at ultimate truth, but, in view of the incurable tendency to discipleship in human nature, he will be thought to have done so unless he makes his failure very evident. The duty of making this evident was one which Kant's candor led him to perform better than most other philosophers.

Professor Norman Smith considers that the Transcendental Aesthetic represents an early and rather crude stage of the thought that is embodied in the "Critique." "The most flagrant example," he says, "of Kant's failure to live up to his own critical principles is to be found in his doctrine of pure intuition. It represents a position which he adopted in the precritical period." This doctrine, because it comes at the beginning of the book, represents Kant to most people as much as, for the same reason, the windmills episode

*With the possible exception of Leibnitz, whom he interprets somewhat too traditionally; there is no evidence of acquaintance with Couturat's "La Logique de Leibnitz," which threw a flood of new light on to the dark places of his system.

represents Don Quixote; but the grounds assigned by the author are weighty, and it is difficult to see how to refute them. The latest and best of the various doctrines embodied in the "Critique," according to Professor Smith, is chiefly to be found in the "Transcendental Analytic." He distinguishes, in Kant, an earlier subjectivist view and a later phenomenalist view. All disciples of Kant nowadays try, in varying degrees, to acquit him of the charge of subjectivism. Professor Smith is too careful and honest to do so wholly, but he regards all the subjectivist passages as early. The present reviewer, as a hostile critic of Kant, is unable to see anything in his "phenomenalist" doctrines except subjectivism which has become shame-faced and muddle-headed. The problem of knowledge for Kant, in his finished doctrine, we are told, "is no longer how consciousness, individually conditioned, can lead us beyond its own bounds, but what a consciousness, which is at once consciousness of objects and also consciousness of a self, must imply for its possibility" (p. 274). But as we have to employ our own mental apparatus in discussing this problem, it would seem that a genuine criticism of knowledge is impossible: criticism must be from within, and cannot therefore yield any but subjective confirmation, though it might conceivably lead to refutation, if internal inconsistency were revealed. But it is impossible to justify this position within the compass of a review.

However this may be, Professor Smith as a critic is full of wisdom. His wisdom is illustrated in such passages as:—

"What is most fundamental in Kant's thinking is frequently that of which he was himself least definitely aware. Like other thinkers, he was most apt to discover what he himself was inclined to question and feel doubt over. The sources of his insight as well as the causes of his failure often lay beyond the purview of his explicitly developed tenets; and only under the stimulus of criticism was he constrained and enabled to bring them within the circle of reasoned conviction" (p. 292).

Professor Smith's book is a much-needed addition to British Kant-literature. We have been too much at the mercy of Hegelianizing commentators, who are concerned, not to find out what Kant thought, but only to show that if he had thought a little more he would have become Hegel. And it is good to have a book in English which makes such judicious use of the careful investigators mentioned above. It is with a strange heartache that one looks back to the days when the Königsberg philosopher lived a life of pure reason; in our time the life of reason is more difficult and more painful. But the thought of lives such as his has by no means lost its value on that account.

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JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.1.

after a lapse of years as a Mother Superior in Seville. In "The Killarney Fern" a finished picture is given of a curiosity shop in Cork, with its shrewd and eccentric inmate. But the impression—for it is not a story—woven round the gardener "Jerry O'Flaherty," strikes a more profound note than any of the others. The atmosphere of tragedy, suggested with admirable restraint and never dwelt upon, is relieved by the delightful figure of the gardener, whose life is in the garden that he loves, and whom fire and death leave unmoved.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Telegraphy, Aeronautics, and the War." By CHARLES BRIGHT, F.R.S.E. (Constable. 16s. net.)

It ought to be sufficient answer to the cry for a "Business Government" merely to point to what the activities of "business" men at Whitehall have done for us in the short space of two years. Yet Mr. Bright appears to want more of it; however, he confesses "the actual ultimate issue rests with Almighty God," and a suffering people controlled mainly by business men ought to be grateful for that unexpected assurance. But what has this to do with telegraphy and aeronautics, asks the reader? We can only inform him that, if he reads Mr. Bright's book, he may find out; on the other hand, he may get bewildered because he cannot find out. There is no telling how it may affect him, particularly if he tries to read all the footnotes as well as the book. When deep-sea telegraph cables get tangled with Imperial politics the result is the sort of involuted knot which would at last drive a healthy bo'sun to the aid of a mental specialist. Mr. Bright tells us, for example, that thirteen Atlantic cables are to-day under complete American control. "Think what this means," he cries, literally in capital letters. "It means that in the event of war with the United States, all messages between the Mother Country and Canada would be completely blocked. Really we cannot shape that sort of possibility; it does not strike us as a suitable conundrum."

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"Three Experts on the Russian Revolution." By EMILE VANDERVELDE. (Allen & Unwin. 5s.)

M. VANDERVELDE's work is almost out of date. The thoughtless Russian revolutionaries go their impetuous way without regard for the commentator toiling in the rear. It is the severest criticism of the Russian rebels that they refuse to allow the historian and the interpreter to keep faith with their public. No consideration is paid even to a statesman of real attainments like M. Vandervelde. If only Kerensky were still Premier, with Broussiloff in command of the intact Russian army, and the Ukrainian bourgeoisie still unsuspected, what wise prognostications the student of this volume could make to impress the innocent! The Belgian Socialist leader went with two of his colleagues to Russia at a time when Kerensky was arranging with Broussiloff to launch the last offensive the Russian army was destined to make. It was one of the unfortunate moves made by the Allies in the war, but there is nothing in this book to show that a breath of its unwisdom touched anyone—unless it were the Bolsheviks. The best part of the volume deals with industrial possibilities and the revolution in the factories. Those who talk of anarchy are reminded that the masses seem to understand responsibility, seem to conduct themselves, and govern and rule their actions better than the superior can do it for them. The author believes that reaction will struggle in vain against the force of the revolution, which opens a new and fecund era in human history. Less impressive is the last part of the book, dealing with the Stockholm controversy. M. Vandervelde has the fairness to print the arguments adduced by M. Branting and other neutrals in favour of Stockholm, and replies blandly that he is unconvinced. But events are convincing younger Europe in a way that will surprise the old leaders.

The Week in the City.

A GOOD many City men are disappearing, as a result of the raising of the military age, into the Army, or more frequently into Government departments, which seem capable of indefinite expansion. The larger firms, however, are not in much danger under the latest Order, and enormous profits are being earned as a result of the Government's expenditure. The banking amalgamations are much discussed, and one hears that a certain type of bureaucratic Socialist welcomes them as a step in the direction of a complete system of State banking. Last week's National War Bonds sales amounted to 18½ millions, which is less than half the total added every week to the war debt. Money during the week has been fairly cheap, round about 3 per cent., while the discount rate is still 3½ per cent. or a shade less for shorter figures. The new German offensive caused some uneasiness, but by Wednesday confidence began to prevail, and Consols recovered to nearly 56. Grand Trunks are depressed by the threatened strike on the Canadian railways as a result of the Railway War Board's refusal to accede to the demand for higher wages, which, it is said, "would involve either the early bankruptcy of every railway company or the imposition of freight rates so high as to cripple industry and raise the cost of living to ruinous rates." In the Foreign Market Argentine Bonds and Russians have improved. Argentine Fives are nearly double the value of Russians!

CUNARD REPORT.

No information is given in the report of the Cunard Steamship Co. for the year 1917, in explanation of the severe decline recorded in earnings; and it can only be gathered that the company's operations were on a reduced scale. A large decrease in working expenses would seem to confirm this view. A summary of results for the past four years reads as follows:—

	1914	1915	1916	1917
	£	£	£	£
Freight and Passages	4,078,700	4,457,400	6,820,200	3,999,900
Working Expenses	3,075,100	3,110,100	4,480,500	2,691,000
	1,003,600	1,347,300	2,339,700	1,108,900
Brought Forward	130,400	142,000	162,100	151,500
Sundry Receipts	18,900	50,000	—	—
	1,152,900	1,539,300	2,501,800	1,260,400
Interest and Income Tax	121,100	138,100	228,100	321,100
Depreciation	550,500	559,100	1,470,200	379,600
Reserve	154,500	482,600	250,000	—
Preference Dividend	56,800	56,800	135,000	135,000
Ordinary Dividend (20%)	128,000	140,700	267,100	267,100
Carried Forward	142,000	162,100	151,500	157,600

It will be seen that net revenue for 1917, including the balance brought forward was only just over half that for the previous year. The allowance for depreciation, however, is very much smaller, and this fact enables the Directors to maintain the dividends at the previous year's rate. A distribution of 20 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares being paid as to 10 per cent. in cash and as to 10 per cent. in an equal nominal amount of 5 per cent. War Stock. No allocation is made to reserve as against £250,000 a year ago, and Income Tax requires £201,600 as against £89,500. Details as to the fleet are not given, but it is stated that the company has purchased all the Ordinary Shares of the America-Levant Line Ltd., a small company owning two cargo steamers.

BANK AMALGAMATIONS.

The announcement that the Committee appointed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer had given consent to amalgamation between Barclay's Bank and the recently Amalgamated London Provincial and South-Western Bank, has been followed by the announcement of another large combination. The London City and Midland and the London Joint Stock Banks have now received sanction to carry out the amalgamation which was arranged in February; it is also understood that Lloyds Bank will acquire several banks, some of which operate abroad. A proposal by Lloyds Bank to absorb the National Bank of India was vetoed, it is understood, by the Indian Government. At the time of writing, details of the City and Midland and Lloyds scheme have not yet been published, but the terms of the proposed agreement between Barclay's and the London Provincial and South-Western Banks are that shareholders in the latter will receive 6 ¼th B Shares in Barclay's for every £5 of paid up capital formerly held. The uncalled liability will be slightly higher, but as Barclay's pay 20 per cent. on the B Shares a substantial increase of dividend will accrue. The total paid up capital of the new institution, which will still be called Barclay's Bank will be £7,289,444 and the reserve fund will be £6,000,000.

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